Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Or How Should We Know?

OUR whale Emma cleared her throat and remarked in a pleased tone: "Have you heard about Sir Rabindranath Tagore?"

"No!" we responded curtly, and turned our backs. It was no time for idle tale-telling; there was work to be done.

She went on:

"He was reading his poems to a rapt crowd of Seekers at one of the big Eastern universities. Robed, swarthy and venerably bearded, he was seated on a dais between burnoosed attendants, incense whirling about his head, the wisdom of the East falling from his lips. It was a grand show." She sighed. "A grand show."

"Yes, it was a grand show — but in the middle of it there was an interruption — the sound of heavy feet clump-clumping overhead. Politely, at first, his hearers ignored it, but the hubbub grew louder, and mystically inclined ladies, snatched rudely out of Nirvana, began looking Western-wise at one another. Serious young men began to frown.

"Finally, one young man, unable to bear the outrage longer, rose, slipped from the lecture hall and climbed up the stairs to find the barbarian and deal with him. Well, you can imagine his feelings when he opened a door on the august head of his university's own Department of English — a patriarch famous not only for knowledge of the dark ways of Shakespeare's beginnings, but also for a virulent hatred of the intellectually exotic.

"This patriarch paid no attention when the young man entered, just went on stomping, gnarled hands clenched behind his back, hoary old head sunk deep in his wing collar. Clump, clump, he went, up and down the room; and as he paced, began to mutter — loud enough to be heard in the room below: 'Who is this Tadgory? Who is this Tadgory?'"

To Be . . .

ONE of the strange things about New York that seems to escape most people's observation is the widespread habit of soliloquizing. You think of hermits and other isolated men and women as talking

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to themselves on occasion, because no one else is handy; but it is difficult to find a reason for anyone's doing it with seven million neighbors pushing elbows in his ribs. Yet there are any number of people who do.

Most of the time they carry on a simple monologue about their business or private affairs — nothing startling or hard to understand. But the other day there was a woman marching down Fifth Avenue, declaiming in a loud, firm voice: "*Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc! Joan of Arc!*" What would you make of that?

THE idea that home life in America has experienced a terrific upheaval in the last few years and seen a reversal of authority in which parents no longer have the upper hand, never struck us quite so forcibly as the other day when we read this among the personals in a newspaper:

"Mother: Please come back. All is forgiven. John and Josephine."

Infinitesimal Exam

ALONG with the so many other people who have lately been putting together lists of questions with which to stupefy their friends, we too have made one. Up to this time we have avoided trying it on the professors of Columbia University or any college students, satisfying ourselves with little Cousin Bobbie for a dog, who, we grieve to admit, made a clear grade of one hundred per cent correct. Here is the list:

1. How would *you* prove by algebra that Hamlet was Shakespeare's grandfather?
2. Who among the following writers first advanced this strange idea: Bruce Barton, Edgar Guest, Emily Post, Calvin Coolidge?
3. What is a silique?
4. Who was called Virginianissimus?
5. Who, on the other hand, was called John Smith?
6. Who said: "It was now time for me, therefore, to go and hold a little talk with the conservatives, the writers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, . . . and all those respectable blockheads who still . . . kept a death-grip on one or two ideas which had not come into vogue since yesterday morning?"
7. Give your maternal grandmother's maiden name.
8. Finish the poem beginning, "*Arma virumque cano . . .*," translate it in rhymed couplets, then go lie down.

This, as you will see, is easy. No prize is offered. It is no test of intelligence — except as to whether you had the sense to stop before reading it through. In fact, we wonder now why we did it at all.

Note

MR. JOHN SPARGO has an article in this issue, somewhere following these remarks, in which he comments on President Hoover's attitude toward the drought relief measure as an indication of his emergence as a true leader of the people, of his high idealism, of his adherence to the excellent and traditionally American principle of individualism. Then goes on to say: "Mutual self-

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help is as much a part of the individualism of Herbert Hoover as individual opportunity is."

And this sentence so piqued our sense of the ironical that we herein depart from our custom to remark on it: to look back with one eye closed and tongue boring into cheek at that outstanding example of mutual self-help, the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill.

If Charlie Chaplin gets the English knighthood proposed for him by a Member of Parliament, there will be many American politicians discriminated against. On the other hand, if not only Mr. Chaplin, but all these comedians, are so treated, our heart strings are going to be torn at the thought of Mayor Thompson's position. The hand he has been biting so long might suddenly hold food, and then what would he do?

Grieving for You

For the past few months there has been growing in us a mellow sympathy for Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and since nothing comparable ever before affected us, we have been hard put to it finding an explanation. However, as a result of careful introspection, we finally discover that the cause was nothing more nor less than a book we read once. A book of Sigmund Freud's.

In this Dr. Freud states that people who surrender unconditionally to all the whims of their conscience — that is, very good people — are made to suffer from it as miserably as the blackest of sinners — perhaps more miserably. He says that their weakly submitting makes conscience a tyrant which goes to ever greater lengths devising hard tasks for them, and which prods them ever more painfully for their petty, sometimes imaginary transgressions.

This is why we feel so sorry for Bishop Cannon.

We notice a new trend in advertising which has our hearty approval. It is in the direction of increased respect for culture, and is shown most distinctly by a toothpaste manufacturer who has his product indorsed, not by a mere garden variety of doctor, but by a real Ph.D. Our own teeth, stodgy old conservatives, still want their dentist.

Milestone in Science

There are two little nerves lying along the spines of human beings which are going to make a great many people happy sometime. Dr. L. G. Rowntree of Rochester, Minn., has discovered that by cutting these nerves he can increase circulation in the limbs of patients and benefit those afflicted with arthritis and bone fever. But more than that, much more than that, he can make cold hands and feet warm by the same process.

Consider what this means. Think of the poor souls who have gone around all their lives with weak circulation, having to meet people and shake hands when they knew their own were cold and clammy. Having to watch a squeamish expression come over people's faces when they

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did so, to endure their voiceless exhortation: "Aw, go put it in a fish-bowl!" What could they do? If anyone actually said it out loud they could get back at him by the happy expedient of thrusting the clammy member down his neck — but so few people were ever rude enough to say it out loud. Most of the time the poor souls had to bite their teeth and be polite, in spite of everything.

This repression naturally brought on terrible neuroses, sometimes insanity. At great expense railroad companies had to set guards along their tracks because these people, crazed by too much of it and muttering under their breath: "Fish, fish, fish," would try to cut off their poor cold hands under the train wheels. Some wore thick fur gloves summer and winter. Some carried electric heating machines. Others when presented to strangers would raise their arms straight into the air, clasping hands like prize fighters, and make a low, eerie noise, to their minds, piscatorial.

But all this, happily, will soon be over. People who would have had these troubles will be salesmen or politicians — or better still, will shake hands so warmly that salesmen and politicians, weary and discouraged, will go away somewhere and never, perhaps, come back.

EMMA has a story about Senator Borah of Idaho, who, it may be recalled, has opposed quite a number of bills and movements in the Senate — so many, in fact, that his friends have dubbed him "the great obstructionist." It seems that he was riding in Rock Creek Park one day, as is his wont, when it occurred to him that the horse and he were going in the same direction. This made him so angry that he refused the animal its usual lump of sugar.

W. A. D.

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Hoover—The New Phase

By John Spargo

In which he appears as an exponent of individualism who may lead, not only in his own party, but the entire nation

At the end of the first half of his four-year term, President Hoover has surprised both his admirers and his critics by a radical change in the method and manner of his leadership. So significant and important is this change that it can not be regarded otherwise than as a political fact of the first magnitude. For those of us who believe that the ideals and institutions of American civilization are challenged and menaced and must be competently and courageously defended if their overthrow is to be prevented, the new phase of the President's leadership is inspiring. Cautiousness suggestive of timidity, or of a desire to evade conflict, has given place to boldness, a readiness to meet attack and to give blow for blow. What some of us had come to fear might be a fatal and ineradicable habit of seeking peace by dodging and by weak compromises designed to postpone inevitable conflicts, has given place to calm and resolute strength, proudly conscious that peace has to be won as the reward of victory, eager to meet the issue and ready to defend its own by attacking the enemy. That is the quality which makes leaders inspiring and heartens their followers with a sense of invincible power.

There never was any question of Mr. Hoover's intellectual soundness. No living man has perceived more clearly or understood more profoundly the culture of this nation and people, the secret of their progress and their power. He is bone of America's bone, flesh of its flesh, blood of its blood. He is ideally typical. The little book that he wrote in 1923, *American Individualism*, has never been excelled as a statement of the faith and impulse of American life. In many respects it is the noblest and best presentation yet made of the aspiration and ideals which inspire our proudest and most exalted use of the word "American." In very admirable language, simple and without affectation, the American ideal is presented as a synthesis of the best elements of those concepts of life which approach it from the opposite starting points of individual liberty and collective well-being. American individualism knows nothing of *laissez faire;* it has

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nothing in common with the brutal philosophy of "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost," which is what individualism is often understood to mean. It accepts as equally valid the view that the greatest happiness and well-being of the individual results from the greatest happiness and well-being of all, and the view that the greatest collective happiness and good results from the sum of individual happiness and well-being. The individualism of Herbert Hoover is no thing born of ugly and brutal chance, but the flowering of individual achievement in the soil of communism of opportunity. Spiritually, Herbert Hoover is kindred spirit to Walt Whitman, his detractors in certain coteries of petty intellectuals to the contrary notwithstanding.

All this discerning observers have known for a long time. But seership and leadership are not the same thing. They do not always go together. Superior perception and insight do not of themselves insure successful leadership. Mr. Hoover's intimate knowledge and profound understanding of the inner forces of American life are freely admitted by all whose judgment merits attention; his competence to lead and direct the movement for the defense and preservation of that life has not been so apparent and has been doubted by many, including more than a few of his admirers and well-wishers. He has impressed the mind of the nation by his intellectual and moral soundness, but he has inspired no such general belief in his capacity for the militant leadership essential in a time of crisis. In such a time inferior intellectual and moral equipment united to superior qualifications for successful leadership are better than superlative intellectual and moral equipment united to inferior qualifications for successful leadership.

It has been the misfortune of Mr. Hoover to have been surrounded by adulation ever since he entered official life. He came to the presidency as a result of a part he played in the great world tragedy, in which he personified all the genius for compassion and charity of the most compassionate and generous people of history, a people whose sensitive comprehension of human misery and lavish response to the cries surging through many lands were in large part due to the amazing diversity of its own racial and national origins. With superb organizing genius he moved among stricken peoples, always with healing in his touch. He was the representative of the nation in its exaltation and ecstasy. It was natural, perhaps inevitable, that there should gather around him, both then and later, worshippers rather than friends; that amiable and well-meant flattery should be poured upon him in a continuous anointing. His yea has been answered by yea and his nay by nay. To a much greater extent than has yet been realized he has lacked that friendly counsel which is most helpful when it challenges with candor and criticizes with understanding and without obstruction. It is unlikely, therefore, that he has known to what serious extent he has failed hitherto to satisfy the passionate yearning for a vigorous leadership in defense of the principles he has him-

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self expounded with fine lucidity and equally fine fervor.

Whether shocked by some vigorous hand from outside the circle of worshippers, or stirred by some instinct of his own, Mr. Hoover has thrown off certain restraints, or inhibitions, and shown that he can fight like a good Quaker. One is inclined to say that beneath the mantle of the peaceful prophet the nation has glimpsed the mailed armor of the warrior. His clashes with the Senate obstructionists have revealed a new man, a man capable of militant leadership. If the White House is open to the pulsing currents of public opinion, the President must be aware that he has grown in the esteem and admiration of his countrymen with every manifestation of his power and will to defend that individualism which he has expounded so well, and which is forever being assailed by foes of infinite variety alike of aim and motivation.

RARELY in the nation's history, and never within the memory of Mr. Hoover's generation, has any president made such an uncompromising stand in defense of basic and time-proven American ideals as Mr. Hoover made in his stand against the dangerous effort to have appropriations from the public treasury take the place of individual responsibility and spontaneous generosity in the relief of the victims of a tragic combination of elemental natural calamity and economic ignorance and mismanagement.

No spectacle which could be invented by human imagination could better present the conflict between the American ideal and that by which it is challenged in myriad forms, ranging from Moscow's brutal red madness to the pinkest and prettiest dilettantism, than was staged in our national capital. A Senator of the United States, oblivious to personal obligation, resting his plea upon a conception of government and its relation to individuals which finds its most logical expression in the labor camps of Soviet Russia, pleads the hunger of his own blood-brother and his brother's children as a claim to relief from the public treasury at the expense of the taxpayers of the nation. Never in the history of the nation was there such an exhibition of self-abasement, lack of self-respect, complete absence of every quality by which our race achieved independence and self-government and attained honored place among the builders of civilization.

AGAINST that abject spectacle, which no American will ever remember with any other feeling than scorn, Mr. Hoover stood affirming that the American people would care for every need, and find proud satisfaction in the necessary sacrifice. A Senator wedded to the un-American conception of paternalism might stand to see his own brother in need and wait for Government bounty, but the American true to the ideals which made the nation and gave it its splendor would prefer to share his bread with a starving stranger. Mutual self-help is as much a part of the individualism of Herbert Hoover as individual opportunity is. There can be no question of selfish indifference to the unfortunate, no proud gloating of triumphant success over beaten failure, but the certainty that

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individual initiative and enterprise arising out of a diffusion of opportunity ever progressing toward equality will find voluntary agencies for effecting, through mutual self-help, more efficient relief of the unfortunate and the needy than any governmental schemes.

THE opposing conceptions represented by the Communist-minded Senator shamelessly shifting his individual obligation to the Government, indifferent to the fact that such surrenders of individual responsibility inevitably involve surrender of individual freedom, and the President with his socialized and humanized individualism, epitomize a conflict that is bound to dominate our national politics in the near future and is likely to be the dominant issue in the presidential campaign of 1932. Unless the revolt against Prohibition assumes such proportions as to make that the issue of the campaign of 1932, the campaign will probably be fought upon the issue of individualism *versus* collectivism. Therein lies the significance of the aggressive attitude of the President. He not only believes in individualism, but he has shown himself to be willing and able to fight in its defense. If this attitude is maintained, and is not merely the expression of a transient mood, Mr. Hoover's leadership will be acknowledged and followed by millions of his fellow citizens who believe that every advance of the Government into the industrial life of the nation, to take the place of private enterprise, is a peril to American prosperity and progress and to individual freedom and happiness.

There is abundant evidence of the existence of a well-organized and wide-spread movement which has for its purpose the commitment of the United States to the policy of the progressive substitution of Government ownership and operation of industry for the present system, which is based upon private enterprise subject to public control. That movement has influential representation and leadership in the Senate of the United States. Its ramifications pervade almost every important phase of the nation's life. Its propaganda is unceasing. It is poured forth in college classrooms and high schools under the guise of social science, and from hundreds of pulpits under the guise of religion and ethics. It has made great inroads into the press of the land. Incredible as it may seem, it is easier to find a hearing in the newspapers and magazines of this country for public ownership of our basic industries than for defense of the existing system. By a systematic campaign of abuse directed against them by agencies of the public ownership propaganda, which are continually charging the defenders of private ownership with improper motives, as "hirelings" of the great corporations, the defenders have been cowed into silence more than is generally understood.

MR. HOOVER himself has been denounced as "a tool of the Power Trust." Many a fluent American writer who has written against public ownership has had his contributions returned to him with highly commendatory editorial letters explaining that, while in full agreement with the views expressed,

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it was not the "policy" of their publications to publish such articles. The reason for that attitude, in many instances, though not acknowledged or confessed, has been well enough understood by the writers: the abuse of inquisitorial power by the Senate, the ease with which individuals or corporations can be compelled to submit to expensive and harassing "investigation," act as an effective gag in too many instances.

In the main, thus far, the attack has been directed against the vast electric and hydro-electric power industry. The movement for Government ownership of inter-State power and lighting plants is only the thin edge of the wedge. The selection of this particular industry for attack is not hard to understand. In the first place, many millions of our people are direct consumers. It matters not that electric service is demonstrably the cheapest thing they can buy, nor that, in striking contrast to practically every other item of expenditure in their budgets, vastly improved quality of service has gone hand in hand with lowered cost, even while the cost of every other commodity and service was mounting upward; despite these facts, it is relatively easy to make many consumers believe that public ownership would make the cost of this vital service still lower. It is easy to present the vast sum of the aggregate profits of the industry as tribute wrung from the poor consumer, tribute which could be avoided if only public ownership were substituted for private ownership.

It is easy to present figures showing that some municipal service charges a lower rate than the utility corporation in a town of similar size. There are enough such illustrations to be impressive to the average citizen who is ill-equipped for extensive statistical comparisons. Mr. Average Citizen does not, as a rule, and unaided, see that the utility corporation pays a big tax to the municipality, and perhaps to the State, whereas the municipal plant does not, and that the consumer in the latter case must, as taxpayer, contribute to supplying the amount which otherwise would have been paid by a light and power company. Nor does he see that other important costs which should be charged to the service, and are so charged in the case of the utility corporation, are merged in the general municipal accounts in the case of the publicly owned and operated plant, and are not discoverable by the average citizen or only as the result of difficult and highly technical research. Because of these things, the dispute is interminable.

Of course, there is no technical or other difficulty which makes it impossible for a municipal department to operate an electric light and power system efficiently and to give good service. Some of them do. On the other hand, there is probably not a single instance on record out of all the cities and towns which have made the experiment in this country where public ownership has succeeded in really lowering the cost of electric light and power to the consumer, all the factors of indirect and submerged costs being accounted for. Even were it otherwise, however, and it could be shown that public ownership did actually result, normally, in

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a net reduction of cost to the consumer, the case for private ownership would not be materially weakened. Due weight would still have to be given to the tremendous and far-reaching importance of the redistribution throughout the whole economic system of the vast aggregate of profits which go to investors in the shape of dividends on stocks and interest on bonds and are turned into every channel of expenditure comprehended in the system. Nor is that all. In addition to the actual expenditure of this widely distributed fund, its diffusion throughout the whole fabric of our economic life, there is the vital but imponderable and incalculable factor of psychological result. Not even for an assured and definite monetary gain should we be willing to lessen that reservoir of incentive, enterprise and inventiveness which is maintained by private property and its social corollaries.

THE battle against Government ownership and operation in the electric light and power industry can not be regarded as a task falling upon the utility corporations directly affected. It is equally the task of every citizen who believes that Government ownership and operation of any industry is a menace to American institutions and ideals. The manufacturer of shoes, or hats, for example, who favors public ownership of the light and power industry because he hopes thereby to get cheaper service, is foolishly playing with fire. Even if through public ownership he could get cheaper light and power — cheaper, that is, in the absolute sense, with all indirect and submerged charges known and adjusted — he would still be the victim of his own folly. His folly would lie in the fact that he had contributed to the restriction of the circle of his own economic opportunity, since every increase in Government enterprise in industry, whether the governmental unit be large or small, narrows the opportunity for individual initiative and enterprise. Moreover, the establishment of Government ownership in this industry will not end the assault upon private ownership and private enterprise. The goal is the elimination of private enterprise in industry after industry until there is no longer any private industrial enterprise, and the whole of the economic life of the nation is brought under the direct control and authority of the Government. That can not be achieved without placing the whole life of every individual citizen under the oppressive rule of a crushing bureaucracy. Every extension of Government ownership lessens the freedom of the individual.

IN ITS ultimate significance, therefore, the conflict that is developing in our nation, and that is quite likely to dominate the next presidential campaign, is a struggle between two opposing and irreconcilable ideals, conceptions of civilization as opposite as darkness and light. The historical and traditional American view holds that the citizen is master and the government an instrument to his purpose; that government exists for the citizen and not the citizen for the government. That is the view which Mr. Hoover has always maintained. Against it is the view that the citizen exists for the

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government, that the government is master and the citizen its subject and slave. Can there be any doubt of the outcome if the issue is squarely and bravely drawn?

It is among the possibilities that the conflict between these two philosophies of life and their respective entailing consequences may be pushed aside by the exigencies of a struggle over the Prohibition issue. In that event, Mr. Hoover may give place to some other leader of sterner convictions upon the subject, but whoever leads it, the Republican party is unlikely to survive as a major political party. The perception of that fact will perhaps be a powerful force pushing the other issue to the front. In that case Mr. Hoover will have the opportunity of leading not a party merely, but a nation determined to preserve its ideals and institutions and to keep open for coming generations the great avenues of individual incentive and enterprise.

Sonnet

By Mariquita Villard

The savage trusts the idol which he carves;
The nun, her life locked up, folds passive hands;
While for Husayn blood spurts in Moslem lands,
Ghandi's recruit is happy when he starves,
Or falls to rest before his enemy.
The godless ill-advisedly blasphemes.
The scientist, proud of his world, redeems
Our vision, and perhaps unknowingly
Mourning the illusion of divinity,
Evolves the image of a reasoned plan,
Respecting the amœba as the man.
But you and I need simply watch the sea,
Breathe pulsing winds, or climb a grassy hill,
And, with eyes open, let our minds be still.

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Easy Meat

By Frank Waters

A Story

From the instant the Bolo Boy espied his opponent in the opposite corner, from that first minute in the ring even before their gloves were laced, he knew he would take the measure of his man.

In the manner of most fighters the Bolo Boy hardly ever took notice of his adversary until the sounding of the bell. Tonight it was different. All week the Border bars and cantinas had been buzzing about this Gringo Tendler; him and his sporty crowd with their rooms and two baths a day and clean white shirts at supper every night in the swell hotel across the Line; them — a real manager, trainer, seconds, and backers — and their big talk. Still more of it he had heard tonight at the bar as he passed through the Nuevo Mundo Cantina on his way to the Arena. Taking on the Mexican Border just to give their boy the experience of some tough ones that he needed to develop his skill and speed.

Across the ring Tendler stood up for his seconds to remove his robe. The Bolo Boy with casual glances between his own seconds bending over his taped hands watched him to a neutral corner. Carelessly observant, his eyes climbed from the quick-moving feet, crunching rosin into the canvas, to a full and adequate neck, that inescapable index to a man's strength. Tendler was well built in the orthodox gymnasium manner. Tight sinewy knees that well hinged the knotted calves and long muscled thighs. A trim waist with the sharp line of buttocks visible under the white silk trunks held by a narrow band of green. Arms outstretched to the ropes, his shoulders wrinkled and flattened as by a mass of serpents under silk.

Sitting on his stool the Bolo Boy picked at the waist of his own dun canvas trunks, a shade darker than himself.

"All right for you, eh?" Young Fuera, one of his seconds asked.

The Bolo Boy nodded. It was sight of that strand of green through the white silk trunks that made him feel he was going to take Tendler; and the satiny whiteness of that back which made the feeling a certainty. With the instinctive feeling of his peon race for a living field in their parched hills, the royal Aztec green was the Bolo Boy's secret color. All day under the blinding desert sun he worked in the fields.

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And his toil went to the Gringos to enjoy in the cool fruit of casaba, honey-dew, and cantaloupe. For that matter, till noon that very day he had worked that Tendler might have his melon to eat from a solid silver spoon in his swell hotel. His own supper was what and where it was every other night — beans and beer and pork in the *Loncheria* across the street. And tonight for the first time in all the years he seemed to feel that the fight was something more. As if all those Gringos were washing down across the Line in a big white wave with Tendler on the crest. Well, he knew he was going to take Tendler.

"Watch this baby, Boy. They say he's fast. No playin' now and when yeh hit, soak 'im!" Bud Cross patted his back and handed a bucket down from the ring.

At the referee's beck the Bolo Boy rose and walked to the centre of the ring. He still held a torn sweater over his shoulders and stood listening to the referee's instructions without looking up. One quick glance had shown him Tendler's face under his curly brown hair, unmarked save for a thickened nose and heavy upper lip. Now, with an apparent contemptuous disregard of Tendler, he knew, ring-wise, that the younger fighter was studying him minutely, slightly nettled at the failure to catch his eye. He threw out his hands in a negligent motion, turned cat-like, and slipped back to his corner.

A pleasing deadly calm settled heavily upon the Arena. Everywhere small yellow lights were snapping out until there remained only the white cone overhead and a light at the back door of the bar out in front. The Arena was stuffy, sweaty, still as the bar inside. The fetid hush stilled the Bolo Boy's mind as he lounged with easy grace on his stool. He moved one of his hands resting on his leg. The glove came away slightly damp. He was glad the night was hot, glad that not the slightest breeze was up, and hoped the air would be hot and dry enough to burn your throat before the bout was over. He was used to a night like this — another thing in his favor, and . . .

The bell; and his stool being jerked from under him.

As Tendler left his corner the Bolo Boy saw a faint nervous smile on his youthful face. Instantly it was replaced with narrowed, watchful eyes, lips firmly closed but not forced; the look of a man intent and engrossed upon his craft. Smoothly the Mexican slipped in. Hands high, he feinted, covered, and shot a straight left to the face. Even as he felt it land — too high — he could feel Tendler's counter and the repeated tap upon his ribs. Tendler had beaten him to the punch. The Gringo was really fast. With the awakening bellow of the crowd in his ears he side-stepped and landed across to the neck. The referee behind him, he brought up his right with a backhand slap at the jaw he had missed. Before he could set himself a short body blow put him on his heels. Immediately Tendler was close against him, forearms locking his elbows, a light, even breath on his shoulder.

The house was noisily pleased. The Bolo Boy knew the applause was all his, but was not fooled. Worrying his arms about to give the impression he was still being held,

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the Bolo Boy admitted to himself that Tendler was better than he had guessed. The lightning lift of that jaw for his own cross was in the order of something he had seldom met. The tough babies of the Border — as he himself was called — stood up and socked until they were dropped, without time for the little things, the subtle little things that go to point a bout. He felt the beginning of a cautious respect for the man against him. As though torn apart from Tendler by the referee, the Bolo Boy sprang back and slipped round lithe and smooth yellow under the brilliant glare.

In the centre of the ring they sparred briefly, each feeling out the other with an exhibition of swift cleverness that deceived all but themselves. As the gong ended the round Tendler threw him a smile of sporting approbation before turning to his corner. A smile that expressed perfectly the self-sufficient attitude of all the Americanos who drifted into the Casinos to win or lose at écarté with the same cheerful insouciance. So the Bolo Boy was all right, eh? Again he knew with that cold mathematical desire that he'd get Tendler.

"You fight thees guy; don' box!" admonished young Fuera, expanding the Bolo Boy's trunks at the waist.

"Yeh. Don't try to box this baby. You just get into him and then Wham! — Savvy?" repeated Bud Cross in his ear.

The Bolo Boy lay back easily in his corner with his slow sleepy eyes staring fixedly across the Arena. The place was packed. All his fellow-workers from the fields; old señoras plentiful on the benches; the Chinos imperturbably cracking watermelon seeds between their stained teeth; and here and there a sprinkling of Hindus under their dirty turbans. Heads and humped shoulders stood out even upon the sky at the top sides of the walls. All there to see how he was going to take the fast Gringo. They were unusually quiet, for that gathering, as though telepathetically sensing they were going to see a match. The soldiers at the door and the rurales wouldn't have any trouble with bottle throwing tonight.

The sound of the gong ripped through the heavy air for the second round. And at the signal the Bolo Boy left his stool with an incredibly swift glide that carried his brown crouching body more than halfway across the ring. He was in and out again with a left to the ribs and a right to the eyes before Tendler could open with his lead. Again he bored in. A rapid exchange of blows. A stinging sensation on the cheek that snapped his head and gaze toward the dark. He stepped back a foot. Pivoted. Surprised Tendler in his rush with an uppercut to the ribs, solid. Solid. Something caught him in the middle and sent the wind whistling through his lips. Then he was away, graceful, light-footed, smooth as a ripple.

"Thass-a boy, Mex!"

"Go get 'im, Whitey!"

A deep, thunderous applause swept through the crowd. Somewhere the crash of a beer bottle. The Whitey, Tendler, was as fast as they said, but when the Mexican moved it was as though they were watching the

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unconscious but perfect coördination of an animal's muscles. There they were in the centre of the ring again. A flurry of gloves, and the noisy slap, slap, slap, of ineffectual blows. Clinch. The Bolo Boy breaking away and coming in again with the same snap, snap. The round was all his, but the Bolo Boy knew it for a fizzle. Tendler's white girlish skin at the end of the round was spotted with a red that would not have shown on his own swarthy sides, yet the Boy knew that that one body hook would hurt him later in the bout.

He turned his head to spit water and lay back to breathe deeply. Too fast. He'd have to hit, hit hard, damn hard. Hit to drive his man across the Line and back into the Estados Unidos where they all belonged.

SPEEDY and sporty — that was these Americanos for you. About them nothing slow and sure and inevitable like those of his own race. They did everything as if they were playing at a game. As though they sported in their work. Little did they know of the immense pride of the peon to whom a jest is an insult, an earnestness imbedded upon a greater humility. Or the hate that can be treasured and fondled and hidden — as so it had been for four hundred years — behind inscrutable eyes, too flinty for time to wear.

The Bolo Boy's shapeless lips drew back as he sucked air. Should not get mad in the ring. He wasn't. He just felt a warm surging through his outstretched arms to tear into ribbons the rippling white silk of the torso before him.

The round began slowly with the Bolo Boy trying to manœuvre Tendler against the ropes. Doggedly he followed his man across the ring and back. The Boy's ugly brown face was set under his black tousled hair. His obsidian eyes, hard as glazed glass, had the same open fixed stare; never a blink at Tendler's hands flashing in and in again. How fast the Gringo moved. Menacingly fast; around and in and flashing out with an economy of movement that kept him covered tight as a drum. At each flash the Bolo Boy ducked his unwavering eyes behind his raised left and took the blows on his head. Tendler hadn't learned to protect his hands. Well, after tonight he'd have learned you couldn't hit, hit, hit with broken knuckles, strained sinews, and bruises that one by one inexorably shortened the precious life of a fighter's hands. Down here Tendler was finding what fighting meant — the terrific crashing, the steady pound, pound, pound of shifting weight and bone against flesh and nerves.

THE Bolo Boy kept boring in, taut and set in the beautiful crouch made familiar by him along six hundred miles of Border: his weight evenly balanced on wide spread legs; left wrist covering jaw and throat; shoulders hunched, right hand down and twitching like a snake's head above its coils. And ever Tendler revolved about him raining blows on head, arms, and shoulders, a veritable whirlwind of shimmering white.

Hopelessly outclassed, the Bolo Boy gave ground in two strides backward. Tendler pressed his advantage. His eyes telegraphed the blow and

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the Bolo Boy saw it coming. A straight left from the shoulder. The Bolo Boy did not wince. But a shaving of a second before it caught him between the eyes, his own short right got home to the belt. He could feel his glove sink deep. Then suddenly the brilliant glare of the light above seemed turned into his eyes so that he could not see. The cords of his neck were violently wrenched. Instinctively he bent and covered.

He felt a bare hand pushing backward against his shoulder. All of a sudden his two senses of sound and sight returned. An immense outpouring of noise burst in upon his ears, and somewhere close he heard a voice: "Two — three"! Tendler was down on his knees, his two arms convulsively wrapped round his sides. His agonized face searched the black open sky for breath.

THE Bolo Boy sprang forward and was hurled back by the referee's arm. Like a dog on leash he slunk forth and back before the kneeling Whitey. At five Tendler was on one knee. At six he started to rise, restrained only by the voices from his corner. At eight he was up and the Bolo Boy was on him forgetful of everything but an insane, frantic desire to get at his man before Tendler regained his breath. But Tendler could not be touched. His footwork was almost perfect, weaving him in and out of danger faster than the Bolo Boy could direct his blows which fell harmlessly on arms and shoulders. Then, faster than them both, the bell. *Carape!* The damned bell. The Bolo Boy threw a snarl over his shoulder as he strode in to his corner.

If he could have had a half-minute more! Just another opening to get in before this minute of reviving rest. The applause continued, but above its dying roar the Boy heard the aggravating snap of towels driving air into Tendler's lungs. He inclined his own body eagerly forward to catch the air driven toward him from the towels of his own seconds. Sweat dripped upon his knees. His arms were wet as though they had been immersed in thin oil. Hot? Maria! Yet even as he raised his open mouth for the sponge again, he wished for a thicker, more fuzzy night. So hot it'd stick in Tendler's throat. Anything to stop him just for an instant.

"Keep after him, Boy. And when yeh get him uncovered, sock him."

TENDLER gave him half a smile as he came out of his corner, but for two rounds the Bolo Boy could not touch him. The grin burned into him as he followed Tendler around the ring. Why didn't he stand up and slug like all the others? Outpointing him at long range and then gliding away. In-fighting with irritating tricks he did not know. Manœuvring out of distance to make him always the aggressor; inveigling him into a rush and then side-stepping with a parting hook. At the end of each round the Bolo Boy knew that Tendler was the best man he had ever met. A supple white figure untouchable at will as a ghost. And more than at the beginning of the fight, more than ever before, more than anything else, he wanted to take the Gringo — knew that he was going to whip Tendler. In swift phantasmagoria, swift, luminous, pale as a horde of other ghosts, there flashed before him

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memories of other men whom he had fought and beaten. And none of them, not all of their strength and skill combined would have equalled the Gringo across the ring with the strip of green round his waist. Yet he was going to take Tendler. He knew it. The thought stuck like a pincer in his mind.

THEN slowly there seemed revealed to him the reason for Tendler's — for all Gringos' — apparent superiority. Fighting was Tendler's game. It was his business; he had no other. And the Americanos' business was their life. They laughed and joked and talked, talked much and loud. All business. Summer, winter; wind and sun; night and day. Just business. They didn't live life. They lived business, a routine that sucked in joy and sorrow, the sunshine and rain of men's souls and tears, all hate and hope, and bundled it together like cotton at so much the bale. That was the difference between them and his own people with their slow days in the sun, Saints' Days, innumerable fiesta days, and the days of "*Pues;* but Señor, to work on such a day" . . . when there was a peso in the pocket and friends in every cantina. The difference between Tendler and himself. And as he thought, in those swift empty seconds in the ring and the minutes between rounds, the Bolo Boy saw himself at a shadowy crossing in his life. Unlike the Gringos, his life had been purposeless, uneventful, without goal. Yet each repeated day had brought him closer to a change. For somehow even he would have to change. Tonight he must cross a line, a line of fate, shadowy and indistinct, looming before him to be crossed. Next week Tendler would be gone and he would be left to hear the talking in the bars. But he'd have to slow up. His lungs, his sides, were bursting with the pace. And that body blow was beginning to take effect, exerting the slightest pull to his every blow.

With a half-minute to go in the sixth round, Tendler suddenly opened up. It was as though he had suddenly stopped short and thrust out a rigid arm. The Bolo Boy was surprised off guard. The left caught him on the side of the jaw and felled him like a log in a neutral corner. Shaken but unhurt, he would have risen but that Young Fuera in his corner caught his eye.

HE WAITED on one knee, both gloves on the canvas, like a starting runner. Wily wisdom came to him while he waited. He ground his gloves into the specks of sand and rosin under him. At the count of nine he was up. He saw that Tendler knew he was rushing for the safety of a clinch. Tendler swung high. Grimly smiling to himself, the Bolo Boy took them on his head and stopped. Purposely he swung short to the body and felt his glove brush across Tendler's ribs. Again before the bell, he pointed a clumsy weak blow to the face and twisted his glove as it landed. Backing across the ring at the bell he saw the angry red rash growing into the white skin before him, two splotches not harmful but irritating and as such to be remembered.

Again, when the round opened, Tendler came at him with a jump. It was as though the Bolo Boy was meeting a different man. Tendler no

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longer weaved in and out, the swift defensive fighter. Shoulders humped, his mouth a rigid line, he met the Bolo Boy's rushes with counter and straight jabs on toes that never backed an inch. And the Bolo Boy settled down to what he knew were to be the most gruelling rounds he had ever faced. Smack. Smack. Shuffle of feet and the squeak of dried out boards. A continuous multitudinous roar in his ears, for this kind of fighting was what the Border money had been paid to see. A quick telepathy told the Bolo Boy the crowd was beginning to change. The knock-down in the last round had done that. By it only, Tendler had won his way into their respect from a mere Gringo outsider to an equally good man in the ring. And that punch meant Tendler was as good as he was fast.

THE Bolo Boy was fighting. From bell to bell there was no rest. He was hardly conscious of the scant minutes when he lay on his stool, eyes to the gritty stars, at the base of his brain a wet sponge. He hit Tendler with everything he had. And with despairing surprise he saw Tendler still on his feet after each furious exchange. Again, with a cold dread forming a clot on the certainty of his licking the Gringo, he went in after Tendler.

Then once more, from the same straight left that had caught him earlier in the bout, he seemed to fall head-long into thick darkness. An unconsciousness that passed like a swift-moving curtain before his eyes, but that could not have lasted a full second. Young Fuera saw his knees buckle as he fell into a clinch, and the Bolo Boy could feel the referee and Tendler furiously fighting to free the Gringo from his weight. The next second the black curtain passed and the Bolo Boy was gazing down at an old Señora on the floor outside the ring. Stolid, unmoved of face as brown wood, she sat with open breast nursing a child and watching him back. The blow cleared the Bolo Boy's mind. For the first time in his life he felt like a beaten man. If only the old woman, his own crowd, weren't so . . . But that was their way. Like him, they knew what the Gringos were doing. Yet they sat just waiting and watching and taking it on the chin.

THE round over, he knew that he had shot his best. The night, the thick black night that had sunk of its own torpid weight down upon the low floor of the ring, the blur of massed faces, the water that was hardly wet, oppressed him with an unconscious futility. He felt old; so shaken that he wondered why his loose body did not fall apart whenever Tendler got home to his middle. Yet it was impossible to think of losing to the Gringo. They'd swarm over him like white ants. He'd have to give Tendler the works.

The works. The sly, dirty tricks banned to the ring, not so dirty or underhanded to the Bolo Boy because he was accustomed to using them and protecting himself against them. A tacit agreement always springing between him and his opponent to use every one whenever the referee could not see. Against Tendler he used every one. Each time he went into a clinch he went in low with a heave of his shoulder against

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Tendler's ribs. He pushed and tried the rabbit punch. He remembered to grit his gloves stealthily on the canvas between rounds. And he made them all count.

Already Tendler was marked from eye to belt. He came out of every round with great red splotches that stuck to his white body like painted pinks. One cheek bore red scratches suspiciously like the marks of a cat's claws. Still the Bolo Boy kept playing for the ear, knowing that Tendler would remember him even as he remembered his own disfigured ear. Time and time again his hands crashed home to Tendler's head. And each time he could have winced, feeling his knuckles give, also knowing that it would be a week before he could use his hands in the fields. Yet, for all the cauliflower ear, he felt that Tendler bore him no ill-will. At the end of a round when they both fought on, the bell unheard, Tendler extended both his hands in apology when parted by the referee. He was only fighting his Gringo way and the Bolo Boy his.

THE Bolo Boy became aware that the fastening of one glove was loose. In the second clinch he was successful. With the cord between his wrist and Tendler's temple he managed to cut Tendler's face as he pushed himself out. Seconds later he opened the cut over Tendler's eye. The sight of blood filled his veins, his mind, his hopes with the illusion of winning. With terrific expenditure of his waning strength he got Tendler against the ropes. But for every blow he took three. Blood spattered his forearms, his own breast, the canvas. The crowd was on its feet. This was what they knew and wanted. The soldiers in the aisles quieted before the sound.

The Bolo Boy forgot caution. Two smashing rights to the sweaty pink body. To draw down that protecting left he took a hard right over the heart and then another. Anything to get his chance. He got it. Blinded in one eye, Tendler misjudged and lurched forward as his left went past the Boy's head. The Bolo Boy hooked with his right for the unprotected jaw. Even as he struck he knew he had suffered defeat. A minute cramping pain from those repeated body blows took the accurately timed snap from his blow. If he'd just got this chance two rounds ago! Yet those at ringside saw his glove flash home (to them) squarely on the point of the jaw.

TENDLER dropped as though the floor had given way under him. He bent to rise and then straightened on the floor. Three! Four! He regained one knee and the look from his one visible eye went blankly past the Bolo Boy. Six! Would his legs have strength? What was the matter with the referee's arm that it moved so slowly! Only eight and the Gringo's rigid legs were waiting for nine. Would his own knees hold out, he wondered. Nine, and his chance, his last and only chance was gone. With all his strength the Bolo Boy beat at the limp body that clung to his shoulders and tried to drag him to the floor. He cursed the referee who himself could not tear Tendler away. As the seconds passed the Bolo Boy seemed to feel the strength flowing from his own weakening arms into the Gringo. That

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was just like the Gringos, sucking strength from defeat, never knowing when they were down, making everyone else pay for their mistakes. With every moment Tendler grew lighter on his feet. He became animated with lazy life. Left arm crossed over jaw and dripping eye, right arm covering heart and solar plexus, he played for time until the saving bell, retreating to his corner. And at its sound he sat down on the stool that had been waiting outside the ropes to receive him. The Bolo Boy slouched back to his corner.

"Three more for you, Boy. You get him sure, now."

THE Bolo Boy did not even shake his head. His body wouldn't obey. For twenty-seven minutes he had bent it to his will. Now he couldn't drive it. His heart seemed ready to burst his breast. Ammonia and smelling salts no longer cleared his mind. His knees trembled. It took the ropes to hold his heavy outstretched arms. If only a breeze would come up! The damn night was too heavy and black to breathe. The heat burnt his throat raw as though he sucked in fire at every breath. If his body had only done what he had willed. In like a flash to the jaw, a half inch over, with a quick snap, the weight of his shoulder behind it. But all it did was push, push Tendler over. And now over there his seconds were putting life back into him. More driving, smashing life that every Gringo miraculously seemed to have; more power; more snap with every punch.

They were in the ring again. Washed clean, his cut well closed, revived by the minute's rest, Tendler looked fresh as ever. And at every counter the Bolo Boy felt the Gringo's strength coming back again into him. He just couldn't be stopped. His body smarting pink, his eye torn, ear puffed, his lips swelling, the Gringo was good as a new man. He had taken all that the Bolo Boy had and was willing to take more. But the Boy knew he had no more in him to give. He had reached the turning of his luck. Like crossing a summit to go downhill. Tendler was going on; the Gringo had passed him a round ago, whether by chance he won or lost the bout. A great lassitude swept over the Bolo Boy. The melancholy futility of his race ate into his thoughts. He saw himself going out of the ring like others he had watched before. Stopping at the bar behind a row of backs, for him faces only in the mirror. The shaking of hands, back-slapping the Gringos for their free drinks, even his own workers joining in. Not one of the girls to shout at him "Beeg Boy!" who had shouted so many times before. Out the cantina as he had never gone before; a last look behind. Was that he, the Bolo Boy, alone, going down the dirty darkened street into the arroyo? . . . A flash of green. All because of the Gringo. The thud, thud, thud, of gloves. Would the round never end?

TENDLER fought warily. He dared not take a single chance or the Bolo Boy was on him like that! The Mexican was a revelation at every round, swift as a cat, a natural fighter, with a whip in every punch. If he'd only had the science, the coaching, what a champion he might have been! Fighting to the last step.

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Yet at every step the Bolo Boy could feel himself slowing up. He could feel it in his legs, the first to give way. The dreary lassitude thickened about him, a smother of light and heat. Then that flash of white and he would be mixing it with savage fury. Just like horses before a sunstroke in the summer fields. Plodding, sleepy-like, then snap! heads up, hard on the traces for a dozen steps before they fell over dead. He oughtn't to have worked that morning, wouldn't have if he'd only known the Gringo was like this. The Gringos. Nothing ever seemed to stop them. The flash of green again and a slap on the face he could hardly feel but which turned him on his heels. Green . . . miles of blinding desert brown, the hazy, far smoke-blue hills against the sky, and against them his own bit of secret green. A peasant, peon passion for his land. He took a hard right to the middle and doubled up in an arrested crouch. They didn't give draws in the Arena, but for the bout he didn't care. Yet he didn't know how he was going to take Tendler. Only two more rounds and he didn't, he did not know. . . .

As he straightened, another straight left caught him in the ribs. A right cross to the side of the head spun him half around.

Against the background of dark and yellow faces he remembered the Señora on the bench. Nursing, unmoved of face, whether he or the Gringo won. Before the faces had stopped sliding in a mass something hit him on the jaw and darkness rushed in upon his sight.

He could not see. There was nothing before him but a scanty sprinkle of lights that seemed like stars. In his ears a yelling that beat like the roar of surf down where the fishing boats come in.

"Four! — Five!" Mother of God! He was on the floor.

He crawled to his knees. Got to his feet. And still he could not see clearly in the light that dazzled so. He was only sure of the Gringo poised before him as on a crest of a moving wave.

And as he willed, tried to raise his arms, something struck him between the eyes, and in a whir of rushing blackness he dropped heavily to the floor.

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A Cure for Speculation

By the Hon. Herbert Claiborne Pell

Who Advocates a One Per Cent Tax on the Sale of Securities

The present depression was disclosed by the panic on the New York Stock Exchange. Its intensity has been increased and twice brought to a crisis by the sudden collapse of stock prices. Banks throughout the country have suffered or failed; insurance companies and investors have seen the price of their property fall to an extent that puts a great many in serious danger and accomplishes the ruin of several. Of course, it is absurd to attribute the bad economic conditions to the malice of Wall Street leaders or even to their ineptitude, but it is certain that the breakdown of the machinery which they operated has made the suffering far more acute than it need otherwise have been.

For several years, an increasing proportion of the available capital of the country was withdrawn from actual useful employment and allowed to reap a sterile profit as brokers' loans. Practically every bank in the country kept an exaggerated balance in the nearest city blessed with an exchange. This money was made inapplicable to the needs of the local communities on which alone can be based a stable national prosperity. A man who wished to build a house or to develop a community and so, incidentally, to add to the profits of the great electric and steel manufacturing companies, found himself unable to borrow money except at an extortionate rate because of the competition of speculators in the stock of the very companies which his activities would have benefited. The country was expanding and developing; roads were being built; houses were being erected; businesses were being started; inventions were being made but eventually legitimate business could not keep up with the progressively increasing speed of speculation.

Except for the most cynical or the most reckless, leaders of business began to appreciate that they were riding on an avalanche, but the conservative and careful had lost their influence. Any person who suggested that a stock which had gone from fifty to a hundred in one year would not go to five hundred or a thousand the next, was called a crêpe hanger or a calamity howler and treated as if he were an enemy to society. The leaders in control of our

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most important industries became drunk on paper profits; companies were snatched from conservative managers, considerate of the long run, by speculators anxious only for immediate profits. Their principle was to grab while the grabbing was good and then to scuttle the ship which they abandoned.

A LITTLE over a year ago I attended a stockholders' meeting, although as a rule a simple stockholder is as rare at such conferences as would be a steer at a butcher's council. It was a meeting of one of the largest companies in the United States, practically in control of one of our great industries. I stood up and voiced my humble protest against the policy of the company, on the ground that I represented the owners of stock who had bought their shares with the idea of receiving a fairly regular income and were desirous of dividends rather than melons. In other words, I was an investor instead of a speculator. Naturally, my protest passed unheeded as it was perfectly apparent that not one person in the room, from the president and his "yes-men" down to the boy who distributed pencils, had the slightest interest in the company other than in the price of its securities; all were partners in an effort to boom its price on the market, and apparently totally careless of the value of the company itself.

Even the more respectably managed companies were carried away. The people at large seemed convinced that a new order had been created. Gambling in one form or another provided enormous amounts of spending money for the United States and, as far as I can see, most of this money was spent on the principle of "easy come, easy go." Then came the ineluctable crash.

If this crisis had been simply the transference of money from silly gamblers to clever ones or even to scoundrels, it would have made no difference to the country at large. Small gamblers who expect to beat experienced and astute crooks are proverbially soon parted from their money and deserve very little sympathy. As a rule, they get even less punishment than they deserve. A man who has acquired twenty thousand dollars a year for six years by gambling operations and without doing a stroke of work, has no real cause for complaint when he discovers that the game has been called off at the end of this period. The fact is that as a rule such a man is usually foolish enough to treat his gambling profits as if they were coupons from Liberty Bonds and to live on the twenty thousand dollars of speculative gain as if he were possessed of half a million dollars worth of Government four per cents.

I SEE no reason why we should waste much thought on an effort to save gamblers or croupiers but I do see every reason in the world why we should not again permit gamblers and croupiers to take control of the commercial structure of our country. There is not a savings bank nor an insurance company in the United States which has not suffered a very serious loss, although its directors may have made every effort to place its money in the most conservative way possible. The value of the property of private citizens has been

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extraordinarily altered by forces beyond their control and beyond their foresight.

We are dealing with the effort of a very small minority of the stockholders. The proportion which gambling transactions bear to legitimate dealings can not be exactly established but we can reach a pretty fair approximation.

IN ORDER to get some ideas of the actual changes of ownership in securities, I inquired from the New York Central Railroad, from The United States Steel Corporation and from The General Electric Company, which I considered examples of reputably managed corporations. From the New York Central Lines I received the following note:

Using the first three hundred (300) names in the list of stockholders for the dividend November 1, 1930, as a basis of study, it is found that:

236 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1928 — almost 80 per cent.

107 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1924 — or 33⅓ per cent.

60 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1920 — or 20 per cent.

41 of these were stockholders on the corresponding date in 1916 — about 15 per cent.

The United States Steel Corporation wrote:

I am willing to say that we believe from forty to forty-five per cent of the stockholders have held their stock since 1920; that fifty per cent held it since 1926 and probably seventy-five per cent from last year.

The General Electric Company wrote:

Of the 87,800 common stockholders which we had at a recent date in 1930, 27,200 of them held common stock in 1928; 13,500 also held it in 1924; 8,700 of these also held common stock in 1920 and 4,500 of them were stockholders in 1916.

W. E. Burnet and Company sent me the following figures:

Total Sales	*1928*	*1929*	*1930*
U. S. Steel Corp. (Common)	19,947,000	19,202,000	19,806,019
U. S. Steel Corp. (Pref.)	194,400	261,100	197,500
G. E. Company	6,489,200	7,108,065	21,661,130
G. E. Company	25,956,800*	30,171,960*	
N. Y. Cen. Railroad	3,637,000	4,395,650	1,613,551
Total Sales of All Stocks on All Exchanges	1,306,200,799	1,784,680,315	1,081,068,177

*Adjusted to care for 4 for 1 split in 1929.

WE CAN safely say that at least three-quarters of the stock in these companies is held by investors who have in good faith put their money into concerns in which they have fundamental confidence. It is quite true that such investors hope for a rise in the value of their capital, but their first concern is the security of their investment. In most cases they are not good accountants and they are certainly inexperienced and inaccurate judges of market conditions. This class is the economic backbone of the country and our material advance can not continue except by the utilization of its economies. A careful and considerate investor will not, of course, put his entire capital into common stocks but he certainly is justified in seasoning his fortune with them and, while ready to face a legitimate loss, he is entitled to protection from chicanery. Even a gambler has a right to a straight game. A man who bets on a horse race recognizes that he may lose but would very probably object if casual citizens were to sit on the fence and lasso the horses as their interests might dictate. He is entitled to a fair run for his money.

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It is obviously neither fair nor wise that a small group which never, at any time, owns a quarter of the stock of these great companies, should run the price up and down to the inconvenience and insecurity of their betters and occasionally to their own detriment. I have often spoken to stock brokers in New York and never found one who was willing to guess that legitimate purchases made more than a quarter of the Stock Exchange business and most of them place it at less than ten per cent. It is obvious that the ordinary purchaser of stock would be more than pleased to feel that the price which he was paying was the result of legitimate demand and supply; that no thimble-rigging, shaking out, wash sales, or other technical processes had entered into the question, either to depress or to elevate.

A stock exchange is an obvious necessity. There must be a place in which securities are bought and sold and the bigger such places are and the fewer, the better it will be for the country. The product is easily transportable and the more shares of any security that are sold, the more likely will be the establishment of a fair market both for buyers and sellers. But there is no reason in the world why a very large part of the gambling element should not be done away with.

The simplest method which will achieve this result without in any way interfering with legitimate purchase and sale, would be to levy a Federal transfer tax of at least one per cent on all sales of securities. Such a tax would practically do away with all "in and out" speculation as it would be too big a percentage for the gambler to face.

A man buying stock on a margin today finds the interest on the money he borrows and the commission to his stockbroker acting as a handicap on the free play of his judgment; if, in addition, he found that he had to pay a heavy tax on every transaction, his hope of profit would be wiped out. Ordinarily these enterprises are of short duration, made in the hope of a quick turn. On a gain of five points his profit, which today is about four and a half, would be but three and a half; and on a loss of five points instead of paying five and a half, he would have to pay six and a half. The difference between gross and net would be too much. The overhead would be too heavy.

That some gambling would go on is obvious but on the whole we can safely say that the prices of stock would more nearly approximate their value; they would vary much more slowly than they do. These prices would be made by the dealings of real buyers and real sellers acting in good faith. The intolerable nuisance of stock gambling would have its back broken and we would do away with that element of speculators which always hampers and distorts legitimate business.

It may be objected to my plan that the speculators provide a ready market for stocks which would not exist if they were not on the job; that their foresight and ability to look with the keen and cold eye, proverbial in gamblers, on the economic conditions of the country, unaffected by localism or idle gossip or

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sentiment will tend to lessen the force of economic shocks.

The simplest observation of actual conditions will show that this is not true. Speculation is most rife in the great companies and it is the great companies that will always find a market for their securities. There has been almost no real speculation in bonds and yet the bond market is always open; bonds of the great industrial and railroad companies can always find a ready sale on the market and are therefore always acceptable securities for loans. The stock of the smaller companies is rarely the subject of widespread speculation and when it is, it is even more rarely a good thing for the corporations involved.

A person anxious to place his money in securities which will always find a ready market could easily place his accumulation in the stock of large, long established and reputable companies. Even though ninety per cent of the speculative buyers and sellers were out of the market, he would still be able to find almost two million transactions a year, which seems ample to provide a steady market.

In the stock of smaller companies where the market actually is more restrained, speculation is more likely to take the form of market rigging and therefore to be an active danger to the investment of the legitimate stockholders.

If stocks were bought and sold for money, there would be much more free capital available in the banks for the finance of real enterprises that would benefit the country — which is better than keeping it frozen in Wall Street. The economical citizen, bringing his savings to the market, would be quite ready to pay a one per cent tax for the assurance that the price he was paying for his security had been fairly made and the guaranty that it would not be thimble-rigged in the future.

We have seen the business organization of the United States collapse and bring down with it the economic structure of the world. This crash has brought our country within an ace of bankruptcy and the world at large to the verge of ruin. We were not able to manage the devil we had raised. We were not able to force the genii back into the pot. When the machine is once more under control, we should profit by our experience and not return to the wild courses of the last few years. I am convinced that the only effective way to curb gambling is to take the profit out of it, and the only way to do this is to break it with taxes.

A person gambling on the colors at Monte Carlo finds himself betting that the ivory ball will fall into either a red or a black hole, of which there are eighteen each. There is also a green hole marked zero. If the ball should fall into a hole of the color selected by him, he wins even money. If it should fall into one of the other color or into the single green hole, he loses. People continue to gamble there with seventeen chances against them and only sixteen in their favor because large numbers of self-confident punters believe that divine favor will overcome such odds, which in the long run it rarely does. If, however, instead of one zero there were eighteen, making the chances

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thirty-six against and eighteen for, the most confident believer in a special providence would not care to risk a bet. My proposed tax would act as an additional zero in a gambling house; it would so increase the odds against the punter that he would no longer have much hope and it would moreover have the enormous advantage of taking from such gambling as would occur a considerable share of its profits for the public use.

There were sold in the United States in the last three years 4,171,-949,291 shares of stock, worth, let us say, a hundred dollars apiece. Assuming that the tax which I propose would cut off ninety per cent of this business, the remaining ten per cent would bring into the Treasury of the Federal Government over four hundred millions. This would be enough to provide a model farm run by the Department of Agriculture in every county in the United States for the instruction of the farmers and to assist in the development of great terminal harbors, markets and highways.

Are the hundreds of thousands of people who today own stock in the United States going to continue to permit a very small number of speculators to use their property as counters in their game or will they demand proper protection? Will the business men of the community continue to suffer from the activities of gambling maniacs or will they accept relief from their own taxes and the return of the attention of American bankers from the stock gamblers to the development of the country? Will our business devote its attention to turning the wheels of industry or the wheels of fortune? Both can not continue to revolve.

The road through life in this world is bound to be rough and all we can hope of any suggested remedy is that it will absorb the shocks and smooth some of the inequalities which otherwise might shatter the machinery of civilization which is daily becoming more complex and interdependent and therefore, as we are too prone to forget, more vulnerable.

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The Boy Friend

By Virginia Thompson

A Modern Young Woman's Opinion of the Modern Young Man

If you are a man, have you ever wondered what the suave young person who smokes your paper package cigarettes and drinks your health in quarts of gin really thinks of you?

If you are a girl, have you never experienced the feeling that this so-called modern young man sitting next to you, whose eyes melt with significance at your slightest encouragement and whose love speeches have the added attraction of venerable age, should be smacked and put to bed? Have you never stifled the thought that he is too young to be bothered with another instant, that he hasn't progressed even far enough to do an unconventional thing deliberately but must get himself squiffed before he has the courage of his convictions? Have you never felt a little sorry for him because he doesn't seem to have begun the aging yet fascinating process of growing up?

In grandfather's day, even in father's day, men were forced by circumstances and a younger, less mechanized and convenient world into girding up their loins and becoming heads of families much sooner than they are today. The Twentieth Century coddles its young men, encouraging them in solemn tones to "take fast hold of learning for she is thy life," and meanwhile life passes by on the other side of the lane. Nowadays our young men are rocked in the cradle of the university until almost all their natural initiative, courage and curiosity about living become useless vestigial remains. They spend as many years as their forefathers spent months in learning their professions and in this age of specialization they have no other choice. Each young man must put on an act of his own and put it on superlatively well to achieve even a modest success.

This system of keeping men of twenty-one or anywhere over in college, still "schoolboys," benumbs if it does not atrophy their sense of responsibility to their contemporary woman. Reluctantly or not, they are forced to defer shouldering the burden of matrimony because they are financially unable and mentally too immature to take on the duty and heartbreak and joy that being a husband and father entails. The young man of twenty-one or so, having finished four years of college

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work, is just buckling on his armor for four to six more years of "going to school" to learn this, that or the other thing. The young woman of twenty-one, diploma in hand, is ready and casting about for any place to dig herself in and make herself necessary, be it office or kitchen. It may be that she, too, goes on to law or medicine, but the woman doctor or lawyer is still far in the minority.

ALMOST any man approaching his forties will tell you that when he was his son's age — from sixteen up — he was working on the farm from five in the morning until seven at night, or in an office all day and studying at night, or helping his father run the factory, and had been doing this for some time. In those days education was available for only a few. At eighteen almost all the men of yesterday were doing men's work. They were men, fit, enthusiastic and big enough for the hard job of being men. Why, then, have they encouraged their sons to become playboys, schoolboys, having "one last fling, O Lord," before doing what's called equivocally "settle down"? They meant well in wishing to spare their sons the hardships they had to endure. Unfortunately, in denying this generation those rebuffs which "turn earth's smoothness rough," they also took from it the bittersweet fruits of such training, the rigorous schooling that made the older men into the splendid persons they have become.

No matter how intricate the stuff the young man is studying, he is still essentially a schoolboy. With some exceptions he is also a parasite, living on his father's generous wish to give his boy what was impossible for himself. Things are handed to this student; his clothes, his food, his room, even the allowance which he strains and stretches to cover his theatre and supper parties with his charming companion, the now working girl. Why shouldn't they be, he argues, since he is preparing earnestly for his life work? Meanwhile, he may as well have a good time, and in pursuit of this will-o'-the wisp, he burns gallons of gasoline and gin, chasing 'cross country through speakeasies and night clubs.

IN THE meantime the girl has discovered that when she passed through the gates of her college she said good-bye to childhood. She finds that whoever said the college was a training ground for life was presuming, and that there is no better way to gain a speaking acquaintance with experience than by living with her. To her kind of undergraduate, life at college was a gay young thing, rye-soaked and party-mad, knowing it all. The dust on the young woman's wings gets smudged and sometimes rubbed off entirely. She has quite a lot to unlearn. Peeling illusions can be very painful, and her gaiety and all-inclusive knowledge change from a wild scarlet smear to a calm gray blend. It is still a marvellous world, fast-moving, subtle, but a world where the sombre tone, "survival of the fittest," provides a tragic backdrop. Having to hold on by her toes to a job that a dozen others just as capable are trying to snatch from her, the young woman has no choice but to grow up. Through hard work and a pay envelope she is beginning

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to realize that somehow or other life is real and life is earnest. She is maturing very rapidly and she wants more from this mortal coil than smoking endless cigarettes.

So, some five or six years later, when the man finally emerges from his musty tomes of *Gray's Anatomy* or legal strategy, the young woman has already been graduated and received her doctor's degree from the University of Hard Knocks. Secretly she indicts the boy as fatuous, lacking, inadequate to the fundamental need of this serious person she has become, the eternal need for a mental, physical and spiritual mate.

In his heart the man suspects that behind her veil of *camaraderie* the girl is measuring him and for some reason known only to an ironical deity and herself is laughing at him. His gestures give him away. He must prove to the world, himself and her that he is not an inconsequential ass. His conversation consists mostly of platitudes all decked out in evening duds that still do not sparkle like epigrams. If he is facetious, he is heavily so, and if the girl's dress is ripped in the process, he is heavily sorry.

She allows him to do all the talking, which feeds his ego and makes him sorry for her that she has so little to contribute to the conversation. She is silent because he could not understand her thoughts, anyway. His remarks when not platitudinous are would-be smart. He gets his opinions ready-made from the papers, and mostly from the sport pages. He is the little mouthpiece of the public press and the current smart magazine. The girl "yesses" him just as one does a child who is lovable and dear to one but just a tiny bit thick, and sometimes the odor of bologna is so dense she wonders that he does not rise up and call her bungler. That girl is rash who dares to pick a flaw with what he is saying, or let the least glimmering of what she has in the way of intelligence, beyond that necessary for saying appropriate nothings at the Stokowski concerts, slip through the cordon of "playing up" to a man. With little or no hesitation he stops 'phoning, cancels his order with the florist and scratches her name off his list. Questioned by warm friends, his answer is evasive, polite, signifying nothing. She committed the hideous crime of making him feel inferior.

He is generous, even lavish with advice about everything in the world. If the girl is unwise enough to let herself in for a session of this advice and then disregard his astute conclusions, he is vexed. He takes it out on everyone around him. On the way home from the party, he skins the corners, drives at a deadly speed along wet intersected streets when even collision with a baby coach would be fatal, bids the girl goodnight haughtily, and puts her nicely in her place. She can't help being fond of him, wanting to rumple his hair or tumble his whiskers as you would a silly puppy's. He is so like a puppy — gangling, overgrown, forever running away from things and bumping himself against other things. There are so many painful facts he has to learn. The girl would like awfully to tell him about them;

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that "a red hot poker usually burns if you hold it too long; if you cut your finger very deeply with a knife it usually bleeds; and if you drink much from a bottle marked poison it is most certain to disagree with you sooner or later."

He doesn't satisfy. Under the layers of relativity and contract bridge a woman's mind has the dank odor of the cave. Unhappily for her, her primitive soul can not be halted in its ascent to maturity to wait for man while he is in this stage of suspended animation. At twenty, even earlier, while the schoolboy-man is still playing, woman is ready to work at this serious business called life. She compares the actuality with her splendid ideal and, looking up to whatever deity there is, wonders if it was for this she was born; if this wistful yearning for a man to honor, to revere, to love is doomed to make her spend her days a-dream, her nights awake all the years of her life.

JUST imagine that she decides to marry the brute and take the consequences. She gives her sympathetic affection and her loyalty to the Peter Pan whose ring she wears; but she can not tear from her heart the long, horrid ache that is her mature love, her ripe understanding and her fierce wish for an equal, a mate to whom she can take anything that troubles her, or thrills her, and find him ever responsive, a strong anchor to windward. Through her days from altar to grave she wears her forgotten wishes in her heart like a slow consuming fire. When he loses a collar button and fumes and fusses until she drops the toast and finds the pesky thing, this fire glows. He bids an original two no trump at contract. Having three aces, she raises him to three no trump. He goes down a thousand doubled and vulnerable and looks at her reproachfully, accusingly. Then the fire flames madly and over her face comes what Barrie calls "the twelve pound look."

SUPPOSE, being a brave soul, she elects to wait for the perfect mate. Her teens dash by in hopeless amazement that men can be so childish. For some ungodly reason they seem to glory in the drippy sentimentality handed down from time immemorial that "underneath it all" men are still little boys. These deliberate Peter Pans drive her mad. Where, she flings at them, is the wonder in being a little boy? Most women have only a lively contempt for that member of their sex who talks baby talk, does kittenish things, and tries hard to be coy. Why do men preen themselves on being puerile and asinine and whisper proudly that "it is the boy in them" coming out? She wonders why they do not drown this boy who makes them look funny too often to be funny. Passing into her early twenties she finds the twenty-one, two, three and so on counterparts of her Harold Teen boy friends even giddier, sillier, but wiser, with a rather dreadful wisdom. In accents sombre and freighted with significance they assure her that they know women. How many of them tell her fondly that she is just a transparent little girl, a foolish little girl, but a dear little girl! She may grit her teeth, and wrinkle her brows in a vain rage at

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their stupidity. Still they smile and indulge the "funny little kitten." Is it a case of the kettle smudging the pot? Are the men silly because girls "play up" to them or would they be silly anyhow?

There is the amusing type of college hard drinker, the boy who fancies himself what used to be called in the penny-awfuls a lady-killer. You can almost hear the swish of the Rudolph Rassendyl whiskers. He struts a roué's manners and clothes and talks through the side of his mouth like a very rake, but neither manners nor feathers will fit. Back of the mask he is the little boy who must be in for an eight-ten class next morning or take his final cut and risk a summons from the dean.

Perhaps it is no accident that woman is the most chameleon-like of God's creatures. She takes her cue from her surroundings, her clothes and her man, and the greatest of these is her man. There are unsounded depths to her that can be called into being only by one "Open, Sesame!" — the voice of the right man. In this day and age the old fallacy that for every woman there is but one right man is as outmoded as the horse-car. There are at least a hundred more or less right men, but luckily or not most women meet only one of these, if any.

FAILING in her search for a man of her age as ready for the kaleidoscopic circus as she is, woman has three courses open to her. She can wait for the boy to grow up, as no doubt sometime he will, marry a man older than herself, or take the amorphous clay which is at hand and build around it a perfectly satisfactory edifice with her ideals. If the latter, she must fool her manageable mind into believing that he is what she wants him to be, even when he flagrantly goes contrary to the idea she has of him. Whenever you see a girl behaving like an idiot, not exactly spouting baby talk but looking as if she'd like to, taking her whiskey straight and plentifully, look for the man. She is making a desperate effort to ignore her idol's feet of clay and live down to him. If he hasn't the mental ability to climb to her level, she will do a little tap-dance down to his, and if she makes the path a little pleasanter by waxing it with alcohol, why not?

THE first course is harder. Waiting for someone to grow up to you is distressing when you're young, vital and full of unfulfilled hopes and dreams of life. Samson, given Time and a few insidious examples, eventually may cut his curly locks to please his dear foolish Delilah, but the Delilahs of today, like their ancient sister, have no patience. They dislike marking time. The generation which is ahead of theirs, midway between the generation which had no education to speak of and the generation which has too much, appears to be the answer to the problem. She finds these older men sympathetic when the younger man would stare and poke fun; she finds herself able to make her most secret hopes and sometimes illogical plans real and interesting without fear of ridicule or disparagement. The younger man sneers when she talks seriously, so she takes her somewhat bruised brain children to a gentler, more appreciative audience. More and more

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the girl of today finds herself forced to turn to older men for congenial companionship, a common mental outlook and — since propinquity has lost none of its old effectiveness — for husbands.

Since the old biological law has not been repealed, young women still marry young men. Sometimes it is by a species of accident, more often because social pressure still compels young people into matrimony with each other. One is expected to marry some one or other. But this does not change the unhappiness of the grown-up young woman in the presence of many half-grown young men. Those beflowered church and caterer affairs where mother cries happily at the wedding may have been made in heaven, but they are likely to go to hell.

What the young woman of today wants is not the new freedom in a 1931 version. Most women deep in their hearts care nothing for such freedom and many of them look regretfully on the old days when a woman was just a woman and not breadwinner, bread maker and housekeeper combined. She needs what women have needed since the dawn of time — she needs a man. Under the present habits of society and the so-called higher civilization it is a demonstrable fact that she has difficulty in finding one among the trousered bipeds of her acquaintance. She may find the makings of a man, but she may not care to assume so much responsibility. Most of all she needs to be delivered from her "boy friends," God bless 'em. They may aim to please, but they fail to satisfy.

One of the Twelve

By Catherine Parmenter

From deeper depths his soul might shrink, and yet
What hell could be more terrible than this?
Thirty dull coins . . . the memory of a kiss . . .
The cross-crowned height . . . oh, to forget — forget!
Slowly the tortured hours pressed on. And dark
And bitter were the sorrowings of earth.
But out of agony there leaped new birth —
And out of fire the penitential spark!
So, at the last, even he discerned the Way . . .
"Friend . . ." and that low, belovéd Voice was heard
Once more — and once again that simple word
Breathed the old joy of those first days which they
Had shared. . . . The unforgivable forgiven:
Judas Iscariot entered into heaven.

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Shall We Pan the Ladies?

By Wolcott Gibbs

From Man to Man

Since I was sixteen I have been bored to insanity with articles about the Modern Young Woman, who, it develops, is an enigma, a clear-eyed rebel against something or other, an alcoholic with no morals worth mentioning, a girl very like my grandmother, only brighter, and a lot of other things I am far too tired to remember. I have attributed most of this appalling nonsense to the fact that authors have to write to eat, and that it is a lot easier to write about young women than, say, centrifugal pumps which after all really do require a vague, rudimentary culture.

Beyond my perplexity about what keeps their evening dresses up without shoulder straps, young women are about as enigmatic to me as the writings of Mr. Coolidge and very nearly as dull; and I have never seen them in clear-eyed rebellion against anything, except possibly on those occasions when I have suggested taking them to a place rather less gaudy than the one they had in mind. Nor do I know much about their attitude toward alcohol beyond the fact that they seem to prefer highly-colored, sticky things, the simple sight of which brings me a faint persistent nausea. I know nothing at all about their morals in contradistinction to those of any other period, except that they seem to talk about them more, and I detect no resemblance whatever to my grandmother, a simple, industrious woman with a passion for canaries. Altogether it seems to me that it is impossible to generalize about the Modern Girl, particularly for a man of my somewhat cloistered temper. Now I'll go ahead.

Of course the outstanding, the characteristic thing about young women these days is that they are completely ruthless. In a phrase which is having its vogue in taxi-driving circles, they would bite off your ear as soon as look at you. More and more often does a young man find himself waiting at the church, in the lobby of the Ritz-Carlton, or on windy and inglorious street corners, because a lady has received a subsequent and more promising invitation and hasn't bothered to tell him about it. Gentlemen in offices are involved in a perpetual guerilla warfare with cold-eyed damsels who would like to appropriate their jobs and will stop

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at nothing short of putting arsenic in the water-cooler to get them. In fact it is providential if they stop at that since their regard for the law, a man-made instrument, is compounded equally of contempt and hilarity. Always, of course, there is the young woman gambler who is ready, no, avid, to collect her winnings, but exhibits only a hurt surprise if any mention is made of her losses. As a totally ineligible bachelor with nothing whatever to lose, I find this both charming and amusing. I have only respectful admiration for the completely and successfully unscrupulous.

GENERALLY, I suppose, the span of my life parallels the period during which women have become an economic factor, or menace. As a child I recall vaguely that certain women of acceptable social status opened and operated little shops in which they sold such things as hats for rather too much money. It seems to me that this was generally regarded as pleasantly eccentric on their part, but certainly it was never thought of as having any particular financial significance, never definitely as a trend. At first the ladies quietly lost a little money, and then went back home where they belonged. Gradually, however, the thing grew. Two or three unpleasant creatures were actually known to be successful and their example drew others, more executive than charming, into the field. Here and there ladies, tremblingly aware of what went on in offices after business hours, apprenticed themselves to only slightly less alarmed merchants who for social reasons couldn't refuse to take them. Curiously enough, it turned out that they were only a little more incompetent than the males and considerably cheaper, and the practice spread. All this time, of course, there was no feeling that women could ever supersede men in executive capacities. There was something about the female mind which made her incapable of any except the most rudimentary decisions, while obviously it was unthinkable that she should supervise the efforts of others, of men especially.

THEN, suddenly, a new generation appeared. It seemed that these children had been to college where they had absorbed a great deal of dubious information about sex equality — fundamentally women were as brave, as bright, as strong as men, and they meant to do something about it. Amid a vast amount of applause, ill-will and general confusion, these infants charged down upon the city, both socially and professionally. They had, of course, an instant advantage, because men in their security had adjusted their businesses to a gentle, almost continental rhythm. You worked no harder than you had to to get your job done, and there was no especial premium on the mere appearance of efficiency. A man who knew his job could keep his papers in a birdcage and go home at noon if he wanted to, and nobody cared. Then the infants, with a feline pounce, appeared and the men were caught napping. Before they knew what had happened they were involved in a deluge of new and insanely complicated "business systems" which

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made it totally impossible to keep track of anything for more than ten minutes. Since the ladies were the only people who understood these stupefying contraptions, they soon became indispensable, and in many cases actually succeeded in usurping important positions. Woman had triumphed.

All this, of course, was very admirable and entertaining. The only drawback was the attitude they instantly developed toward their victims and indeed toward life in general. It is a historical fact that only the established conqueror is capable of mercy or even repose; your new dictator is harsh, arrogant and a little uneasy under his laurels. The ladies, God knows, had learned efficiency, but they hadn't quite overcome the old feeling of inferiority, of economic insecurity. Business was still a battle to the death, with nothing barred, and every office became an armed camp. Leisure and tolerance gave way to a feverish and bogus activity. Even when a man had nothing to do it was vital that he sit at his desk writing dummy letters to imaginary clients or else adding up long columns of entirely meaningless figures. If he didn't, it would suddenly be discovered that his job was not essential and it would be combined with two or three others of the same description and given to a young lady who would think nothing of working twenty hours a day to get it done. Actually this wasn't so bad — although curiously enough it had no especial effect on American business — the real trouble lay in the effect business had on the ladies themselves. Men, of course, had been working for years, and were able in a sense to take things in their stride. That is, the average executive was not particularly impressed by his ability to dictate an intelligible letter about a shipment of nails. He could even forget about it after office hours. Ladies, however, who were doing these things for the first time, were overcome with a warm, pleased, and always voluble surprise at their own cleverness, and talked about it endlessly, both in and out of the office. Polite conversation was substantially ruined by young women who wished to tell you precisely what they'd said to the man who tried to sell them a carload of broken eggs. For a time it even seemed as if love-making would have to be abandoned, what with all the talk about invoices and bills of lading. This fortunately didn't come about, but it is lamentably true that in almost any professional gathering, the men are infinitely more entertaining than the women, solely because they are without their driving competitive instinct and occasionally find time to read something not directly connected with their work.

Another disastrous manifestation is also traceable to woman's persistent anxiety about her professional success. First-rate women have suddenly begun to marry altogether second-rate men, partly because it is imperative that they have some release from the incessant competition of the office, but mostly because the habit of dominance, like all other habits, isn't static, and extends inevitably from the professional to the social and domestic. Contrary

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to what Miss Thompson has said in an article somewhere adjoining this one, the ladies had no desire for someone to lean on. What they actually wanted was someone to step on, an unquestioned supremacy at home as well as in the office. They are, I am pleased to report, getting it.

THIS brings me somewhat deviously to the effect of emancipation on that steadily dwindling group of ladies who don't work at all. Here naturally the change was more gradual, but no less cataclysmic. These maidens were exempted from the sense of having to be continually on the offensive which comes with office work, but they had been to college and they knew that they were in every way as free and competent as men. They also knew that it was necessary to assert this freedom, this competence, and they did.

First of all there was the new physical equality, and a great many young ladies took to athletics, developing their biceps almost as fast as they decreased their charm, winning golf games as rapidly as they lost suitors. I am aware that there is a Victorian, almost an Old World touch about this paragraph, and that ladies who swim in next to nothing are said to be better off inside than those who waltzed in corsets. In my Victorian way, I can only say that I am not amused by women who could easily snap off one of my wrists if the idea got into their heads, and I might add that this delicate monograph quite properly is not concerned with the interior workings of its subjects. I know, however, that I do not approve of brown and lumpy young women, and furthermore I don't believe anybody else does.

The new sexual freedom is perhaps the most painful subject I shall have to discuss; not, Heaven knows, because I believe there has been any change in the actual habits of the young since the Ptolemies — sex itself, of course, is a constant — but because of the unutterable boredom I have endured through the new freedom of speech. If it fascinates the modern girl to know that she can write a comprehensible letter, she is completely enraptured to hear herself discoursing publicly on topics hitherto monopolized by males. Purely because she is saying them for the first time in mixed company, the most trivial physiological details take on an almost unbearable glamour, and they permanently exclude every other idea in the world from her consideration. As a friend of mine observed the other day, one really gets the idea that the preposterous infants invented sex. As a matter of fact, in my occasional tête-à-têtes with young women in the last few years I have heard little else discussed, until at the moment nothing bores me quite so much as a detailed description of an accouchement by the protagonist. They are all very much the same, and to me at least appear to lack that quality of suspense without which any extended narrative grows wearing.

THIS obsession also extends to their reading which, from the literary discussions I hear, seems to be entirely limited to erotica. To such an extent, indeed, that I wonder how publishers are able to dispose of books on any other subject.

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Writing on so technical a subject as this new girl's appearance, I am likely to be accused of flippancy, but it seems to me that here a deliberate effort is being made to subjugate the male, to put him in his place, by frightening him to death. Hats in this unfortunate year sit far back on their wearers' heads, disclosing foreheads curiously like white and bulbous tombstones. Scarlet lips and great fringed eyes stare out of faces as pallid as plumbing fixtures. Long red fingernails seem to threaten the startled young man's throat as they reach across the table for another of his cigarettes. Altogether the effect is unpleasantly mortuary and, hard as it is to believe, probably intentionally so.

In this stratum the young woman's attitude toward men is almost precisely what it is among the office-workers. There is, of course, no compulsion to outstrip him in business, and her physical limitations, temporarily at least, make it impossible for her to excel him in sports, but there is the same overpowering necessity to make him conscious of her equality. Since, as I have said, there is no direct basis of comparison, she can only achieve her own glorification by humiliating him. Sometimes this manifests itself in what has come to be known as gold-digging; she persuades him to spend more than he can afford, thus making him apprehensive and, by extension, inferior. (She never, of course, pays for anything herself, and develops an instant and permanent amnesia the moment she borrows from him.) Usually, however, she adopts more direct means — she breaks engagements, purposely involves him in embarrassing situations, belittles his accomplishments and appearance publicly, and generally does everything she can to make his life insupportable.

Finally she still insists on the privileges and courtesies which were once a tribute to her innocence, her beauty, her frailty, although it is apparently her passionate aim to escape being charged with any of these qualities. This last manifestation of the new spirit has puzzled me from time to time, and I can only conclude that it is for the purpose of confusing her victim — softening him, so to speak, for further punishment.

There is, as far as I know, no remedy for this situation. None, that is, except time. Chivalry is one of the sturdiest, most deep-rooted of our instincts, but in a couple of hundred years it is possible that we may have eliminated it and can again enter the battle on something like even terms. Even instincts can be eradicated. Women, God knows, have managed to get over being feminine.

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Our Empire

By O. R. Strackbein

The Haphazard Nature of Our Insular Government

It has been written that a recent President of the United States was surprised one day on being informed that a vacancy existed in the Governorship of Samoa. He was told that it was one of his numerous functions to appoint a head of the far-away island. His surprise confessed itself unabashedly. He did not know that Samoa was governed by an American appointee; but in due time the island was provided with a new executive.

This incident was no exaggerated exception proving the rule of conscientious colonial administration by the United States. Rather, it reflected the haphazard nature of our insular governance; and the frank confession of ignorance was but a counterpart of our national apathy toward the territories and peoples which form our "empire." How many good Americans know that we own Navassa, or where it is? And what of Little Corn, Quita Sueño and Swan Island? On the other hand, not a few are those who believe that Cuba belongs to us! To ask ninety-nine per cent of our people what is the population of our possessions, would swiftly relegate one to a class of merely academic geographers.

The fact is that we are not interested in our insular possessions. We all have heard of the question of Philippine independence, but what are the Philippines? We are amazed to learn that they consist of more than six thousand islands with a population of approximately 12,000,000 people, and that their annual import and export trade reaches nearly $300,000,000. And many of us think that Manila is in the West Indies! How many know that Porto Rico, with an area of only 3,435 square miles, has a population of approximately 1,300,000 people? That Hawaii with 6,449 square miles has 330,000 inhabitants, while Alaska with 590,000 square miles has only 55,000 people?

The haphazard character of our colonial or insular administration should therefore be a matter of no surprise. We have no centralized administrative office governing our possessions. The War Department through its Bureau of Insular Affairs governs Porto Rico and the Philippines; the Navy Department governs American Samoa and Guam, and until recently governed the Virgin Islands; while the Interior Depart-

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ment has a hand in the government of Hawaii and Alaska, and lately replaced the Navy in the Virgin Island group by Presidential order. The President in conjunction with the Senate, on the other hand, appoints the Governors. Perhaps too many cooks do not always spoil the broth; but our usual managerial efficiency must be richly versatile indeed, if it can survive such division of responsibility and want of coordination.

ADDED to our indifference and want of coördination — to make doubly sure that our colonial administration should be disjointed and loose — we have seldom taken into consideration fitness for office, experience in insular affairs, adaptability of temperament, knowledge of native languages, etc., in our gubernatorial appointments. We have been inclined to make of our island holdings retreats or reservations for "lame ducks." Only recently an appointment to the Philippine Vice-Governorship was withdrawn because of a storm of protests from the Islands against the man who had been named. The ability of the appointee was not questioned; but it was known that he had certain crystalized ideas about the status of the Islands which would have rendered his presence a source of inevitable friction. In his place Mr. Hoover appointed a man who differs from most of his forerunners and colleagues by virtue of his experience, former residence and training. He served as Attorney-General of Porto Rico for a period of three years, speaks a fluent Spanish, and by remote chance studied colonial administration years ago in Heidelberg. Whether his appointment was an accident or is indicative of growing thoughtfulness, perhaps only Mr. Hoover could answer.

A further source of weakness of our present system of insular administration lies in the lack of a career service. If an appointee is a successful insular executive and willing to devote his life or a number of years to the work, his outlook is most discouraging. The field offers no security, no certain reward and, because of division of responsibility among three departments, little possibility of being advanced, say, from Samoa to Porto Rico and from Porto Rico to the Philippines. Furthermore, an appointee serving as Vice-Governor ever so efficiently can seldom feel that he will be rewarded with the Governorship. This follows from the political nature of the appointments.

THE loss in efficiency from this lack of continuity is too obvious to require explanation. While our insular possessions are limited in number, and while the number of posts which can be filled is small, the field is nevertheless broad enough, and the consideration of sufficient weight, to justify the establishment of a career service similar to that of our diplomatic and consular services. Furthermore, while the qualifications required for the diplomatic service differ in many respects from those needed for executive insular posts, there is enough common ground to suggest a combination and interchangeability between the two. In this day of specialization the United States might gain much and

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lose little by introducing greater possibility of specialization into our insular administration. Diplomatic experience in Latin America, for example, could be intelligently utilized in the administration of our possessions which use Spanish as a native language; and executive experience in our possessions would be of value in our diplomatic service. Why a Governor of Hawaii, for example, or of the Philippines, should be a man who has not devoted one day to foreign service, when we have available a number of men with years of foreign experience who are otherwise as well qualified as the rank outsiders, is a question that has not been properly answered.

THAT the weaknesses of our present system have not escaped the attention of our public officials is reflected by the introduction of a Joint Resolution into the Senate in December, 1927, by Senator Hiram Bingham, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Insular Affairs, to establish a joint Congressional Commission for the study of our insular administration. It was to determine (1) the advisability of placing all insular administration, supervision and direction under one bureau or department of the Government; (2) the necessary and advisable transfers of executive functions to such bureau or department; and (3) a plan of organization for such bureau or department.

This resolution was passed and a joint commission was appointed. On January 15, 1930, it duly recommended legislation which would delegate to the President full authority to effect coördination of activities and agencies having charge of affairs in our insular possessions. To carry out this recommendation another resolution was submitted. At the present time the latter is at rest in that state of coma referred to as "pigeon-holed." Resolutions and bills, like men, often succumb to coma. In legislative procedure, however, the quiescent state often indicates simply that powerful opposition has been encountered *en route*. In this instance the opposition was largely departmental or bureaucratic.

The Senatorial Commission requested information and recommendations from both the Department of War and the Navy Department. The War Department replied by means of a well-prepared and studied argument. Because of its exhaustive treatment of the subject we shall give its reply our first attention. It reviewed the record of insular administration established by itself since its advent into the field after 1898; and answered the three usual proposals which have been advanced from time to time to bring about a more "logical" and efficient administration:

FIRST, that the civil affairs of all the non-contiguous territories of the United States should be placed under the supervision of a single departmental bureau; second, that this bureau should pertain to one of the civil executive departments instead of a military one; third, that the supervision should be assigned to an independent bureau reporting directly to the President.

The first proposal the reply admits to be "logical" — "at first

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glance." It would reduce the number of agencies at present involved; would conserve experience, and provide one "easily identified office" responsible for our insular administration. President Roosevelt is even quoted as having recommended the gathering under one head of our insular administration, preferably the Department of State or the War Department. "It is a mistake," he is quoted further as saying after visiting Porto Rico in 1906, "not so to arrange our handling of these islands at Washington as to be able to take advantage of the experience gained in one when dealing with the problems that from time to time arise in another."

After further review, the War Department concludes that the "underlying principle upon which proposition (1) is based" is administratively sound; but it "fails to take into due account both the fact that economy and convenience of administration are subject to certain necessary limitations incident to the even more vital considerations affecting national defense." It is next concluded that transfer of supervision from the War Department to a civil executive department, as proposal number two suggests, would introduce an inevitable delay in action in the event of "an emergency resulting from either external or internal menace." While this is said with reference to the Philippines, the consideration would be applicable to other possessions. The implication is that by being at the helm at all times, the War Department could act swiftly and decisively in an emergency, while if a civil department were in control, action would be delayed. It is further contended that the record made by the Department in Porto Rico and the Philippines entitles it to continued exercise of its administrative function. Supervision over our possessions by the Department of State has not been advocated by any Secretary of State, "in so far as known," the reply states, and it adds that this silence may well be explained by due consideration by the Secretaries of State of the purpose of the State Department, the training of its personnel, and its lack of certain facilities possessed by the War Department for the efficient supervision it has given.

Proposal number three which would provide an independent bureau reporting directly to the President, is held to be "inherently unsound." The bureau head would have to be given the rank of a Cabinet officer in order to report properly to the President and Congress; and such rank the War Department does not believe justified.

After thus disposing of the various proposals, the opinion is given that the War Department is "best adapted, in general, for the exercise over our insular possessions, of the type of supervision needed by them," and that the most suitable bureau for this work is the Bureau of Insular Affairs. Among the reasons advanced for this conclusion are the existence of an experienced personnel in the War Department, considerations of national defense, previous transfer of Porto Rico to civil supervision and its restoration to the War Department, no resulting economy through transfer, and legal review of insular

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legislation and its possible modification in consequence of a change in supervision.

Before inquiring into the merits of this reply of the War Department to Senator Bingham, a brief review of the Navy Department's reply will further emphasize the difficulty of dislodging Governmental agencies from their entrenchments. President Hoover in an early message to Congress expressed himself as follows on the subject of departmental reorganization: "This subject has been under consideration for over twenty years. . . . It has been repeatedly examined by committees and commissions — Congressional, Executive, and voluntary. The conclusions . . . have been unanimous that reorganization is a necessity of sound administration; of economy; of more effective governmental policies. . . . It seems to me that the essential principles of reorganization are two in number. First, all administrative activities of the same major purpose should be placed in groups under single-headed responsibility; second, all executive and administrative functions should be placed under individual responsibility. . . .

". . . . I can see no hope for a sound reorganization of the Government unless Congress be willing to delegate its authority over the problem to the Executive. . . ."

In seeking to follow this recommendation, the Joint Commission on Insular Reorganization is purposing to grant to the Executive full authority, thus removing all doubt of his full executive prerogative. The War Department's reply we have already reviewed. The Navy Department said very briefly that it had "no recommendation to make as to the best way to effect a consolidation of activities having to do with supervision and direction of matters pertaining to our insular possessions." It did, however, express opposition to the proposed change by saying that "because of the peculiar situation of the islands being chiefly of use to the United States as naval bases (Samoa, Guam and the Virgin Islands), there has been no demand or any reason for consolidating them under any other bureau. They are operated economically in their present form of administration. It is believed that neither the government of the islands nor economy would be improved by transfer of the islands from the Navy Department, the office of administration now designated by the President."

Now, the question, of course, is not whether the Navy Department has performed its mission efficiently; nor does the fact of the President's designation of that department for government of the islands answer the Senate's query. The question is broader than that. The Secretary of the Navy in making his reply was thinking from within the present system instead of appraising the system itself. In doing so he reacted after the manner of a true bureaucrat who sees his dominions menaced and, in loyalty to the men under him, rises to their defense. That is why departmental reorganization, however desirable, is so difficult a task. Public officials too easily fall prey to the fallacy that they own the offices which they administer.

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The reply of the War Department is not open to the same attack but is nevertheless vulnerable in other respects. It places first and foremost the consideration of national defense. This need not offer a surprise, for it is the business of the War Department to see all questions through the eyes of military need. What the paper failed to show was how and wherein military operations would be crippled by a civil administration of our possessions. Certainly, the men who are at present engaged in the administrative work, simply because of their military status, would not be converted into fighters in the event of an emergency. The Army does not operate in that manner. It has its fighting and non-combatant departments. The machinery which is in use for civil administration of the islands, is not fighting machinery. And just as certainly, the presence of purely civil administrators and employees would not obstruct the United States in an emergency. The War Department does not have to govern the Philippines in order to act without delay when it is properly and legally called on to do so.

When the War Department finds that the Bureau of Insular Affairs should be the single agency for insular administration which is being sought, it points to its record in Porto Rico and the Philippines, and sees no reason for a change since no one else has done better than that Bureau. Obviously, this point is not acceptable in support of continuation, since in the Philippines we have had no other agency, and therefore no other record for comparison. While in the case of Porto Rico a civil department was relieved of its function after several years of administration and the reins replaced in the hands of the War Department, that fact does not prove that a properly organized civil bureau would result in administrative failure. The previous transfer of supervision from the War Department was effected without making proper provision for civil administration.

But the consideration which the War Department overlooks entirely and which is one which goes to the very root of colonial administration, is that of colonial feeling. It is the whole question of popular opposition to military government. While the War Department could hardly be looked to for preference of civil over military government, such preference does exist wherever one people is governed by another. We live at the present time in a condition of enlightened civilization under which it might be expected that, contrary to England's policy in the Eighteenth Century, we take into consideration the sentiment of our "colonies" in determining the class of our rule over them. The utter absence of such an inclination in the replies from both the War and Navy Departments lends color to the suspicion that the character of our military administration in Porto Rico and the Philippines justifies the independence sentiment found there. Military and naval governments have never been noted for their adaptability to liberal policy; and it is not, indeed, in their nature to consider sentiment. Orders are made to be carried out, and government based on such a principle can be neither flexible nor liberal.

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What our colonial administration lacks and what it needs is not military direction and military inflexibility, but men who are equipped to give liberal and wise guidance in self-government. This requires that the administrators be men of wide experience and liberal education, intimately acquainted with the customs and aspirations of those whom they are sent to govern. It means that they must be directed from within the United States by men of similar attainments and not by those who through training and consequent outlook are out of sympathy with the objectives mentioned. Whether we shall retain our possessions or release them to autonomy or freedom makes no difference to their claim to intelligent and decent treatment from us.

THE considerations which lead the War Department to oppose transfer of supervision to a civil executive bureau are therefore not interpretable as sound or substantial obstacles. The question which remains is consequently the practical one of actual transfer to a civil bureau; and this should present no great problem to men who have had experience in organizing not only bureaus but whole departments. The American mind is not so deficient in organizing ability that it can not readily effect a transfer of bureaucratic responsibility without loss of efficiency. The present Chief Executive has exceptional capacity in that direction; and we have the Bureau of Efficiency which is especially charged with the function of organizing governmental offices and agencies.

The general functions of the Bureau of Insular Affairs are described by the War Department, as follows: ". . . all matters pertaining to civil government in . . . the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico. The Bureau is also the repository of the civil records of the government of occupation of Cuba (January 1, 1899 to May, 1904) and has assigned to it matters pertaining to the provisional government of Cuba (September 29, 1906, to January 28, 1909). It is charged with the purchase and shipment of supplies for the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico; makes appointments of persons in the United States to the civil service of (those islands). It gathers statistics of insular imports and exports, shipping and immigration. . . . Briefly, the Bureau looks after the interests of the (islands) in the United States and is their representative before the executive departments and the public here. It makes studies of questions relating to financial matters, tariffs, navigation, land laws, etc.; also of commercial and industrial possibilities, as applied to those islands, and makes such recommendations as may be necessary."

SUCH functions would not ordinarily be thought of as military in character.

"The Bureau has participated in the preparation of all important acts affecting the insular governments. Many of the acts have been drawn in the Bureau," the Chief of the Bureau reported in 1926.

The Bureau's personnel consists of three army officers, the chief being of the rank of Brigadier-General; and forty-three civilians. No great inconvenience should be in-

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volved in transferring such an organization to a civil department. Yet the difference in the nature of supervision which would result might be decisive, embodying, as it would, the difference between civilian and military minds, civilian and military policy. Under the one bureau the administrative supervision of all our possessions might be concentrated, making possible a career service, the utilization of experience as Roosevelt suggested, proper reward of efficient Governors and assistants, and elimination of the present loose and disjointed characteristics of our administration. Automatically such reorganization and the greater consequent attention given to gubernatorial appointments, would be reflected in an administration more uniformly acceptable and palatable to the possessions, and more conducive to their progress and welfare than our present system.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S view of the question was partially revealed when he recently announced the transfer of the Virgin Islands from the supervision of the Navy Department to the Department of Interior. This step, if considered in relation to the Executive Orders of May 11, 1907, and May 25, 1909, by which Porto Rico was transferred and retransferred by Presidential fiat from one Department to another, supports the opinion that the Executive requires no further delegation of authority from Congress to reorganize our insular administration.

Perhaps it is the initial step of ultimate consolidation of total insular administration; on the other hand, the transfer may have been made without reference to future action. Of these possibilities the first is more consonant with apparent Executive policy, but does not bespeak a comprehensive study of the programme of reorganization as a whole. It gives evidence, rather, of a timid experiment which may well lead to failure of the whole proposal of unified administration. A half-hearted and partial programme will but repeat the unsavory experience of the transfer of Porto Rico to civil administration and later restoration to the War Department; and lead, in consequence, to further disadvantageous comparison of civil with military and naval administration.

ONLY if the transfer may be regarded as the first of a series of transfers following comprehensive plans already laid, is it in harmony with the common desideratum. It would mean a civil administration under the Interior Department built around the existing nucleus of its supervision over Hawaii and certain phases of Alaskan government. It would not, however, guarantee the creation of a "career service," nor of itself remove the bane of political appointments to gubernatorial chairs. It would also leave untapped the foreign experience on hand in the State Department, except by possible special arrangement. To correct these deficiencies a number of specific adaptions would be required, some of which would apparently not lie within the compass of additional Executive orders.

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Shocking Difficulties

By Louise Maunsell Field

Thrills In The Discard

It is entirely probable that few of the vast army of present-day publicity promoters have ever so much as heard of their Eighteenth Century brother, Mr. Puff. Yet it was that most amusing of all the many amusing characters in Richard Brinsley Sheridan's brilliant play, *The Critic*, who declared that the two strongest inducements that could possibly be offered to tempt the public to buy a book were, first, that everyone was reading it, and second, that it was so shocking no one ought to read it. To the still extant influence of the first inducement, the Literary Guild, the Book-of-the-Month Club and all the rest bear sufficiently convincing testimony; on the drawing power of the second, publishers and theatrical managers, preachers and press agents, publicity seekers of all kinds and every imaginable description, have long been accustomed to depend. And the great, the stupendous disaster which has befallen all these is that the once reliable magnet is today little better than a lump of putty. Shocking the public was once an easy and an almost certain source of revenue. Few have the power to be really witty, eloquent, original or forceful; but there was a time when almost anyone who tried hard enough and really gave his whole mind to it could succeed in being improper, and therefore shocking; today, what was once facile has become a feat so difficult as to demand positive genius.

Consider, if you will, how very little trouble it was to produce a sensation fifty years or so ago! How comparatively simple to stir up a whole lot of excitement, ten years ago, or even less! Our grandfathers and grandmothers, even our fathers and mothers, lived lives that were just one thrill after another, packed with the excitement which we hunt persistently, and usually fail to find. It was once possible for *The Terrible Siren*, Victoria Woodhull, to produce a near riot by denouncing marriage, and declaring that love without matrimony was preferable to matrimony with or without love. George Bernard Shaw could cause chills of delicious horror to run up and down the spines of those "advanced" enough to read his plays, by asserting that family affection was all bunk and family hatred a very present fact, while the famous "shawl speech" of *Candida* was men-

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tioned with bated breath. How exciting they must have been, those dear old days when thin ice was everywhere, when any ambitious clergyman could attain the front page of Monday morning's newspaper by a few well-chosen remarks concerning Jonah and the whale, when men lined up beside the Flatiron Building on breezy days to look at the ankles revealed by wind-tossed skirts, and so-called problem plays like *Iris*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and *The Gay Lord Quex* were denounced by press and pulpit as destructive of morals and hideous proofs of the deplorable corruption of the age! When *Jude the Obscure* was nicknamed *Jude the Obscene*, and *Three Weeks* regarded as the very last word in daring!

But it isn't necessary to go back as far as even the most recent of these for a time when any novelist or preacher, playwright or producer, who earnestly and fervently applied himself to the endeavor, could be reasonably sure of shocking his audience. Only a decade ago the way was still open, and comparatively obvious. Prohibition had just aroused a new, more ardent interest in drinking, and F. Scott Fitzgerald's tales of bibulous parties whence guests retired to be sick in the bathroom were accounted quite startling; today, the recounting of such incidents is expected, and produces only weariness. The nymphomaniac heroine of *The Green Hat* was another much imitated source of excitement for a while, arousing a curiosity that brought popularity to a rather dull and tawdry novel. *Rain*, interesting, well-acted, intelligent play though it was, owed at least half its success to the fact that the fall of the inordinately pious missionary profoundly horrified many estimable people. These truly virtuous souls immediately told all their dear and no less virtuous friends how perfectly terrible a play *Rain* was, whereupon those dear friends hastened to buy tickets, that they might judge its immorality for themselves, and tell everyone they met how deplorably wicked and completely corrupt the stage had become. A little later, the petting parties of the much discussed younger generation proved a perfect godsend to the would-be shock producers, especially to those whose chosen rôle it was to edify the spotless by describing the ways of the dissolute in the minutest possible detail, while shortly afterwards war books of a "now-it-can-be-told" variety other than that implied by Sir Philip Gibbs fairly luxuriated in long and frequent accounts of certain physical functions, literally quite naked and unashamed.

Sex of course has always been the shocking standby. At one time, the syllable itself was enough to produce a sensation. Then, as people grew used to the sound of the formerly alarming word, it became necessary to go further; and further; and further still. The development from the very mild situation for whose introduction Thackeray once thought it necessary to apologize to the much vaunted frankness of today, can be easily traced. But presently the end was reached. Impossible to go further, since there was nowhere further to go. Everything sayable had been said, not once but many times; everything describable de-

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scribed. Normal sex relations having thus been exploited to the very limit, abnormal ones were the next resort. *The Well of Loneliness* and *Dusty Answer* proved profitably horrifying, whereupon authors who had apparently but just discovered that such unfortunate beings as homosexuals existed, dragged them into their books, imagining, no doubt, that they were thereby demonstrating their own complete sophistication, and administering the largest possible amount of shock to their readers.

All this in the past, distant and not-so-distant. But today, what are the poor, hard working, conscientious immoralists to do? Such places as Dayton, Tenn., may perhaps still be horrified with ease, but their playgoing, book-buying public can not honestly be called extensive. In Boston, the Watch and Ward Society still struggles gamely to maintain a state of shockability, actually banning books it deems improper. Lists of these banned books are occasionally issued, to the immense satisfaction of their authors and publishers. Only a year or two ago, a very clever young novelist complained bitterly to me about one of these lists, not because his new book was on it, but because it wasn't, and he regarded the omission as obviously unfair. Nor is it long since Boston barred *Strange Interlude*, with excellent results — from the box-office standpoint. But though here in New York itself there actually exist not only individuals but groups of individuals who occasionally avow themselves shocked by some play or novel, the general public pays small attention to them. Even the intervention of the police can no longer save a dull play or a stupid book for more than a very little while.

The plight of those who have to depend for their success upon arousing public interest has thus become truly pitiable. A preacher, unless he is already a person of some considerable importance, can not hope to achieve the front page by denying God and immortality, much less Jonah and the whale. A lecturer may find marriage all to the bad without startling his audience one little bit. Indissoluble marriage, companionate marriage (and think what a stir the suggestion of that made, only a very few years ago!), no marriage at all; again, who is uninstructed enough to become really excited over the advocacy of any one of them? We've heard the arguments and attacks much too often. Sensationalism can no longer insure success, because nothing is really sensational any more.

The predicament of the producers is particularly grave. For a while, some of these were cheered by the brilliant innovation of separating stockings and the chorus; rarely indeed do economy and publicity go thus sweetly hand in hand. Today, the revues have to meet more than the competition of the bathing beaches. At a certain very quiet little country place, this past summer, the younger set put on an amateur show. Girls from the cottage colony danced on an improvised stage in swimming suits of the scantiest possible description, and then proceeded to perform other evolutions in costumes which would once

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have been deemed fit only for burlesque. As one middle-aged gentleman remarked, a few years ago such a show would unquestionably have been raided by the police. But he said it quite calmly. He wasn't at all horrified; he was merely making mild comment, as an interested spectator of changing manners and customs. The fathers and mothers, the sisters and brothers and cousins and aunts of the performers, middle-class people of the ultra-respectable sort, every one of them, beamed and applauded, as placid and as undisturbed as if they had been so many members of the intelligentsia, or the smart set. What would once have provided discussion, denunciation, chills and thrills for the remainder of the season, was rather less exciting than an old-fashioned tableau of the Lily Maid of Astolat.

MODERN life affords few spectacles more pathetic than the way those inveterate conservatives and optimists, the publishers and theatrical producers, cling to the formulæ which once spelled success. Books are still being advertised as "frank," "daring," and "sensational." Last season, play after play was produced for no other apparent reason than a vain hope that its coarseness and vulgarity might prove extreme enough to shock the audience. Instead, the audience yawned wearily, its only sensation one of profound indignation at being thus bored. Why, its members asked, should anyone expect them to be entertained by that old stuff? And they forthwith stayed away in droves. Where a single "Damn!" was once delightfully piquant, a whole flood of profanity failed to excite a ripple of interest; bedroom scenes suggested only fatigue, and adultery, on the stage at least, seemed stupidly conventional, a mere matter of course. Sex punch, in fact, proved quite unable to produce a knockout, until some of the learned turned back a couple of thousand years or more, and in *Lysistrata* found the shocking reward that had seemed almost unattainable, even with the help of the police. And at that it may be remembered that Aristophanes has for some time been reputed a dramatist whose lewdness is not his sole and solitary claim to attention.

AS FOR the novelists, their plight is if anything more pathetic, more desperate than that of the dramatists, since they must perforce depend on descriptions alone, where the dramatist may have illustrations with, so to speak, living models. Once upon a time, successful novel after successful novel turned upon the useful triangle; now Paris, Reno and Mexico have made triangle situations seem rather ridiculous. Another favorite theme was that euphuistically called "the wages of sin." When the heroine lost her virtue she shed tears by the quart and took to suicide, or at least to her bed; the resultant excitement was enormous. The modern heroine, on the contrary, seems to worry a good deal more over the loss of her cigarette case than she does over that of her virtue, and not infrequently appears to regard chastity as something not quite compatible with decency. The really kind-hearted author is often considerate enough to divest his leading lady of such *impedimenta*

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before she enters upon the scene at all.

Then, too, there was a time when mother, any mother, became sacrosanct through the mere physical fact of maternity. To attack the divine righteousness of all mothers was to profane the very holy of holies; it simply wasn't done. Suddenly came a period when mother, from being a creature who could do no wrong, turned into one who could do no right, becoming an object not for worship but for brickbats, denounced as greedy, possessive, shamelessly and completely selfish.

THE reliable Freud was called into court, and the Œdipus complex proclaimed with cheers. Father incidentally came in for a whack or two, but since he was quite often a business man and had in consequence long been regarded as an altogether inferior being, he was let off, by comparison, very lightly. At first, some were shocked, some delighted and some excited by the iconoclastic onslaught, which was waged with a fervor truly religious; but now it must be sadly admitted that the debasing and exalting of mother are about equally familiar, and unexciting. As for the hero and heroine who rebelled against the conventions, he and she have made the fortunes of literally thousands of novels. Nowadays we know all their tricks and manners, and rather wonder what they find worth making such a fuss about, since there is no longer anything quite as drearily conventional as unconventionality, and rebels are about the only people against whom it is possible to rebel.

The worst of it all is that we have here one of those exceptionally poor rules which do not work both ways. If it were possible to alarm the public of today by writing about the sanctity of marriage, filial duty, the saintliness of mothers, and the close knit bonds of family affection, there would be no dilemma at all. If the virgin heroine were as productive of opprobrium as the prostitute heroine, as Susan Lennox, for example, used to be; if marital fidelity were as heart-rending a spectacle as marital infidelity once was, and individuals with normal sex instincts as hair raising as the abnormalities were in the days of Oscar Wilde, all that would be needed in order to produce the desired sensation would be to reverse the old formulæ and go ahead. When everyone expected a hero or heroine to be a model of virtue, there was some point, some piquancy, in portraying one or both as thoroughly iniquitous; if everyone expected them to be bad, there might be something interesting in presenting them as completely noble; but when they are merely required to be human beings, what is a poor author to do? Shocking is unquestionably profitable, no matter how it is done. But where are you, I'd like to know, when it can't be done at all?

SOME observers have seen hope for future shocking possibilities in the return of the long-skirted evening gown, and its accompanying femininity. In fact, this very return has given every such hope a final blow. When long skirts were universally worn, short ones were exciting; and *vice versa*. But when each is donned alternately by the self-same in-

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dividual, where, oh where, is any thrill to be obtained? The situation is tragic, and practically universal.

Music and painting are faced with well-nigh the same dilemma as fiction and the drama. How many people today would have their moral sensibilities outraged by a *September Morn*, or their æsthetic ones by a *Nude Descending the Stair?* As for music, discords may clash, shriek or squeal as they will, without arousing any really fervent protest from anybody. It is simply heart breaking to think of all the fun and excitement our forbears had, being horrified by all sorts of things that don't affect us one little bit. No wonder suicide and insanity are on the increase, now that so much of the joy and satisfaction have gone out of life! For in the good old days you could have it either way. For instance, if you were a woman, you could smoke cigarettes in public and revel in the resultant excitement, or you could be a non-smoker and have a perfectly wonderful time proclaiming your horror at all outrageous, cigarette-smoking hussies. In that happy time, the possibilities of shocking or being shocked were simply endless; today, they are just about ended. Accustomedness is the complete shock-absorber.

A few there are who look back at various historical periods, and, remembering that the license of the Eighteenth Century was followed by the prudishness of the Nineteenth, find cheer in the analogy. Why shouldn't old-fashioned sensibility return, and bringing a blush to the cheek of the young person once more prove feasible? But there is a difficulty; the great difficulty that what was once conscious defiance has become a matter of course, that people don't care either way. Public opinion, once easily roused against an offender, just doesn't bother any more. It is merely indifferent, and rather proud of its indifference, which it miscalls tolerance. From a shocking point of view, there is nothing so discouraging. One can be immoral dramatically only in a morally self-satisfied era, virtuous dramatically only when there is really strong objection to the unco' guid.

The twilight of the sensationalists has come. The gods they challenged are either moribund, totally defunct, or so changed as to be unrecognizable. Respectability has become a joke; right and wrong, inextricably mingled. We are all so used to having "the facts of life" paraded before us in their ugliest possible aspect that we no longer become excited or indignant. We can no longer be shocked at anything, because we have become used to everything. Familiarity breeds indifference at least as often as it does contempt.

We can still, some of us, be repelled by vulgarity and bad taste; and we can most of us be bored. We were profoundly bored last season by many plays that struggled to be daring, and succeeded only in being dull. As for psychopathic studies produced under the guise of fiction, they may be well done and consequently interesting, or they may be merely tedious; but they can't rely on "frankness" and "daring" any longer. Mr. Puff's successors must, after all, revise his formula.

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Treasure in the Depths

By Kingsley Moses

This spring a new attempt will be made to salvage the treasure which went to the bottom in S.S. "Egypt"

Hidden treasure has always an extraordinary allure for human beings. Men waste their lives in its search; suffer incredible hardships; starve and freeze to death miserably; yet would not think of turning to any other pursuit.

This for the treasure which is hid in the earth.

For the fortunes sunk in the sea quite another sort of effort is necessary; though it is an effort which requires fully as much courage and even greater hardihood. The diver who penetrates the depths of the sea to salvage precious cargoes from the ocean's ooze and slime has to be an athlete in the most perfect physical shape as well as a man of indomitable courage.

Until last year it was generally agreed that the extreme depth to which a deep-sea diver could descend was about fifty fathoms — three hundred feet. That record had only once been passed — the attempt of the U. S. Navy divers to examine the wrecked submarine in the harbor of Honolulu. And even these men had gone but three hundred and six feet down.

Last autumn, however, an experiment was begun which may change the whole future of deep-sea salvage. In 1922 the liner *Egypt* went to the bottom off the southwesternmost point of France with a cargo of five tons of gold bullion and forty-five tons of silver. The hulk of the *Egypt* lay four hundred feet down. It was generally considered to be beyond human reach.

But in September, 1930, two Italian salvage vessels, the *Artiglio* and the *Rostro*, owned by a Genoese firm, the Societa Anonima Ricuperi Marittimi, set to work on the wreck with a type of diving gear never before practically employed. Men were let down to the wreck in solid steel cells, fitted with windows through which the divers could observe, and with telephone lines by which they might direct the operations of their associates on the salvage vessels above them.

With submarine charges of explosives the salvors had been able pretty well to shatter the hulk; and by carefully manipulated grapnels they had managed to get at the safe in the purser's office and recover a few valuable papers and some dip-

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lomatic mail. To penetrate the strong room and retrieve the enormously valuable silver and gold then appeared to be only a matter of time and patience.

But the wreck of the *Egypt* lay in the stormy waters of one of the stormiest of Atlantic seas, off Cape Finisterre. During the tempests of the winter months it would have been impossible for the workmen in the boats on the surface to manipulate grapnels and lower explosive charges with the precise delicacy required. The *Artiglio* and *Rostro* therefore deferred the work on the *Egypt's* cargo until calm weather should arrive with the spring.

Meantime, in order not to lie idle, the two small vessels undertook for the French government to clear some wrecks which menaced navigation for French coastwise traffic.

On December 7, 1930, the Italian wreckers were working on the hulk of the *Florence*, a munitions ship sunk in wartime. A soft and easy job — so considered; for the *Florence* lay in less than fifteen fathoms between the tiny islands of Houat and Hoedic, just inside Belle Isle, not far from the estuary of the River Loire.

Then, either there occurred one of those accidents which never can be anticipated in the handling of high explosives; or someone on the *Artiglio* grossly blundered. At any rate eye-witnesses of the catastrophe agree that the salvage ship was no more than three hundred yards from the wreck it purposed to dismember by dynamite. There came an appalling eruption of water; the salvage vessel was shattered and sunk; and the two divers who had been below at the time and ten of the crew topside were killed instantly. Only seven of the *Artiglio's* crew survived.

With characteristic courage, nevertheless, it was determined that the surviving sister ship, the *Rostro*, should carry on the work on the *Egypt* as soon as the weather will permit. The disaster to the *Artiglio* was just one more of those fearful risks which the diver must always be prepared to face. The question of the comparative value of the rigid steel diving cell as contrasted to the inflated rubber-fabric diving suit was not involved.

As everyone acquainted with diving operations knows, the limited depth at which the present type of diving dress may be employed is due to the fact that compressed air must be used to inflate the suit inside in order to withstand the enormous pressure of the water from without. The water pressure on the human body increases about half a ton for every foot of descent. Commander Ellsberg's men working on the lost submarine *S-51*, had to withstand a pressure of sixty tons at a depth of even twenty fathoms — eight of the original twelve expert divers on that job were eventually incapacitated.

So, foot by foot, as the diver goes down, his physical stamina is brutally tested; he breathes painfully in an unnatural atmosphere; he has to contend with the ever-increasing dark, the steady cold of the lower levels of the deep. Yet, withal, his danger is in coming up, not in going down; for unless he is raised to the surface with the greatest deliberation

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and care he is liable to fall victim to the fearsome "bends," a seizure which may leave him a cripple for life if actually it does not kill outright. Recently, however, a certain synthetic air has been said to have been produced by Professor J. W. Hershey of McPherson College, Kansas, which overcomes the difficulty of the "bends."

On the other hand, the diver arrayed in the conventional type of dress has pretty considerable freedom of action. He may walk along the bottom of the sea, or climb about the hulks of sunken ships with a freedom approximating ordinary motion in his natural human element. His bare hands are free to use tools; feel objects which in dark or silty waters he may not be able to see; adjust hooks, lines, explosive charges; even employ a searchlight and an acetylene torch.

Yet below thirty fathoms, it is generally agreed, he is pretty helpless; and at fifty fathoms it is still a question whether or no he will live.

The precise type of suit used by the men of the *Artiglio* and *Rostro* has not been disclosed. Nor is this precious information likely to become public property until the successful conclusion, at least, of the current operations on the wreck of the *Egypt*.

CONSTANTLY inventors have been trying to devise some form of suit for submarine work which will permit them to recover even a moiety of the vast wealth which is strewn along the bed of the ocean.

William Beebe and his associate Otis Barton have, for instance, actually been lowered in a steel sphere with a quartz window to a depth of 1,426 feet in the translucent, semi-tropic waters off the Bermudas. That stands as a world's record at the moment, although the sphere's occupants — or inmates — were helpless to do more than peer at whatever specimens of marine life might stray within their scope of vision.

DR. HANS HARTMAN has invented a steel cylinder with which he hopes to explore the depths of the Mediterranean to a depth of four or five thousand feet. A German, Rudolf Englemann of Berlin, has a contrivance which is, in effect, a deep-sea cruising submarine designed for exploration at a thousand fathoms. Sir Hubert Wilkins has already chartered from the U. S. Navy a submarine which he will use like a sled with runners on top instead of below to slide along the under surface of the ice pack of the Arctic Ocean. Continually new inventions are being announced, though it would seem that a great many of the widely advertised contrivances are so grotesquely complicated that the diver's whole attention must be concentrated upon the workings of the machine in which he is encased, leaving him little time for the job of salvage for which the machine is supposed to be primarily designed.

True, there is one apparently practicable suit, approximating the cells used by the Italians of the *Artiglio* and *Rostro*: the device of Neufeldt and Khunke of Berlin. In this suit, or cell, the diver carries his own air supply composed of chemical cartridges and compressed oxygen. He has windows through

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which he may see all about him, and, of course, telephonic connection with the surface. In clear and open water such an armored diver has little to fear.

But the difference between observing in open waters, as Beebe and the Neufeldt and Khunke divers have done, and of working about a sunken and shattered ship menaced by a veritable *cheval de frise* of jagged spars and strakes and sinuously drifting tackle of every description, is something to give pause even to the most venturesome soul.

The undersea worker in the regular diving suit may be frequently fouled: caught inside a cabin by a swinging door; trapped by a cave-in of sand behind him as he tunnels under some obstruction of wreckage; almost suffocated as his air line is choked by a tangle of tide-swept cordage; but he has always the use of his deft hands and fingers to free himself. Tom Eadie, the great diver who won the Congressional Medal for his work on the *S-51*, for example, saved himself from rocketing to the surface in what would have been a fatally swift ascent, by hooking his toes into a submerged staging.

But should the armored diver once get caught down in the dark below there can be no rescue if he be at a depth beyond the help — literally — of human hands. It is not a pleasant death to contemplate.

No one has ever dared even to attempt to estimate the value of the gold and silver which lies silted down at the bottom of the ocean. Ever since man has employed gold as a basis of currency commerce has demanded its shipment hither and yon across the seas. In the course of the centuries myriad tons of the precious metal must have been lost: yet it is all as legal tender today as when St. Paul was shipwrecked upon the Island of Malta. He who finds it owns it — with certain complicated and not always well-defined limitations. So no wonder the search is pressed; often with success.

The vast wealth of the Spanish Armada has not rotted and washed away like the planking and ribs of the galleons which freighted it. Somewhere in the stony, icy depths off the Scottish Island of Mull its gold coins and ingots are strewn about. At any time that trove may be discovered and retrieved; just as in our own Narragansett Bay an apprentice diver from Newport recently stubbed his toe against what was left of a Spanish vessel. This particular discovery netted no more than six bronze cannon, some pike-heads and a half-dozen bottles of wine stamped with a seal of 1640 — and unhappily no longer potable.

A little over two hundred years ago another fleet of His Catholic Majesty put out from Porto Bello and Vera Cruz to convey the tidy fortune of a hundred millions in gold bullion across the Atlantic. They navigated the ocean safely enough only to run afoul of British and Dutch foes when they had actually made the landfall of their home haven. Right at the mouth of Vigo Bay, though presumably in deep water, that whole flotilla with its fabulous freight vanished. British and Russians served a Turkish fleet in the same fashion in Navarino Bay about a hundred years ago. Of

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the estimated fifty million dollars worth, which was lost, a quarter of a million really was recovered; but the rest, though in shoal seas, has probably long since been hopelessly sunk in sand and sludge.

Three millions in gold nuggets lie in the inside passage to Alaska on the steamer *Islander;* in the Mediterranean is the *Yasaka Maru* with twelve millions in gold and the gems of a maharajah appraised at another four millions; the *Arabic* had five millions aboard when she was destroyed; and the *Lusitania*, in comparatively shallow water, a sum said to about equal that — but for excellent political reasons the famous *Lusitania* will continue probably always to lie unmolested.

MANY wrecks, too, have been located and just barely touched by divers. The *Black Prince*, lost in Balaklava Bay so long ago as 1854, was located in 1927 and may yet be worked on. The *Merida*, two hundred feet down off the Virginia Capes, was buoyed by a Danish diver who literally rapped his knuckles on the strong room where four millions were locked up. Then storms interrupted the job, and for seven years the *Merida* has been lying lonely.

Yet with no better equipment than the present rubber-fabric dress and monstrous steel helmet with its complicated air connections the working diver continues successfully to locate lost treasure; survey the ground beneath the water of bays and harbors for the laying of pipes, sewers, telephone cables; even to prospect for oil on the bed of the ocean — as a consequence of which, derricks already rise from the sea on the Pacific coast. When the liner *Muenchen* blew up and sank last year at its pier in the North River almost directly above the Hudson River tubes, the delicate craftsmanship of the diver was immediately called to aid. On account of the propinquity of the tunnel beneath the wreck blasting was out of the question; but the diver, burrowing with a tremendous jet of water from a hose, and cutting with an oxy-electric torch, eventually rigged a tackle which served to clear the dock and save the vessel.

TWO of the most notable salvage jobs in recent years were the recovery of silver bars from the *Oceana* and from the *Skyro*.

The *Oceana* went down in the English Channel in 1912 in no more than ninety feet of water. In clear, warm water the recovery of three and a half million dollars worth of silver ingots might not have been difficult. But the wreck of the *Oceana* lay in the strongest currents of the channel, and the constantly swirling mud and sand prevented the divers from seeing their own bare hands before them. The men knew the plans of the ship, however, and inch by inch in the dark they groped and cleverly felt their way. Blast after blast of explosive blew them an open passage at last to the strong room; and the silver bars were all brought to the surface.

The *Skyro*, on the other hand, lost in 1891 off the Spanish Cape Finisterre, lay at the disconcerting depth of one hundred and seventy-one feet. The underwriters of Lloyd's who had assured her, prepared to accept a

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total loss on their venture. At that time there had never been any successful salvage at that depth below the surface. Years passed, and then one Angel Erostarbe found the wreck and located the silver beneath a collapsed deck section. Working whenever weather permitted for two whole years he finally blew the deck clear away and recovered fifty thousand dollars worth of the silver. But he crippled himself in the effort.

Most famous of all, however, is the story of *H.M.S. Lutine*, carrying pay for British troops in Holland, and cleared from Yarmouth for Hamburg in that far year, 1799. The shoals off the Netherlands caught her and she vanished. Lloyd's took a loss of four and a half millions — and paid it, as Lloyd's always has. The individual merchants and capitalists who make up the peculiar membership of Lloyd's were naturally not content to swallow their several losses — any number of the volunteer underwriters of Lloyd's may take a slice of any particular risk. With traditional British doggedness they — and their heirs to the third and fourth generation, it developed — set out to get back some of their own.

After a hundred and thirty years they have recovered a matter of about two hundred thousand dollars worth of their loss. The ribs and planking of the *Lutine*, a wooden ship, of course, have long since vanished. The *Lutine* had lain amid sand banks thirty feet high which had kept shifting and collapsing upon it. And to make the matter more difficult hundreds of the old frigate's cannon balls had rolled down to seal in the treasure. What is left of the *Lutine* is still there, well located off the Dutch coast, to be recovered by whoever can get at her. But the frigate's bell, found seventy years ago, appropriately hangs in Lloyd's today; and is balefully sounded from the crier's canopy whenever an assured vessel is posted as overdue and unheard from.

The greatest single treasure actually salved was the thirty-five millions in cash and bullion recovered from the torpedoed *Laurentic* which went down at the mouth of Lough Swilly off the stormy northern coast of Donegal, Ireland, in 1917. Here, close to the spot where England lost her first great battleship in the war, *H.M.S. Audacious*, the divers had no more than a depth of fifteen fathoms to contend with. The hull was split open with dynamite and all the gold bars were brought to the surface. Still a considerable sum was missing. The search went on in the cold darkness till at last in another section of the ship a quantity of bags of silver shillings was discovered. Every farthing eventually was got at, and — presumably — restored to circulation.

No human eye is ever likely to see such deep-sunk wrecks as the famous *Titanic*, down in a thousand or more fathoms. The mere matter of even locating a wreck beneath an open ocean, where there are no markers to line a sight on, is baffling.

But the majority of the lost hulks naturally lie in shallow waters, since reefs and shoals are the common enemies of sea traffic. Below

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even two hundred feet there is no record of salvage from such vessels. Even at a hundred foot depth work has been rare. Thus the new diving cell of the Italian company which has been working on the lost *Egypt* opens up speculations of possible enormous profit.

The critical question which remains to be answered is whether the armored diver with hands and limbs encased in a cell, but with eyes and brain unhampered for observation and command, can operate as effectively while at far greater depth than the helmeted, old-style workman. The progress which may be made on the attempted salvage of the lost *Egypt* this spring ought to answer that interesting question.

Cathedral Organ

By Margaret Tod Ritter

The fumes of other fugues color the air
Madonna blue. From many-chimneyed oven
The canticles of Handel and Beethoven
Forever lingering among the bare
And marble tombs. How many wicks have been
Consumed to keep at white, unaltered heat
One crucible of song. O giant beat
Of wingéd arch and haunted aisles between!
Slowly, serenely, melts the virgin ore
Of Mozart's chords. A vapor cool as rain
From smoking caldron; ecstasy from pain
Pure as the altar it unrolls before.
Volley of sheer crescendo floods the choir,
Pillar of cloud by day, by night pillar of fire.

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Baby Billionaires

By James Noble Gifford

How Are They Educated?

Years ago it was a favorite pastime among cultured people to try to form a true definition of poetry. Now a far more serious game is being played in the attempt to answer the more vital question "What is Education?" And the question is being asked not only among the educators and the educated, but in all walks of life, and in various intonations which by subtle inflection seem to answer scornfully the question even as they ask it. It is apt to strike into the conversation of two soleless vagrants on a park bench, and I might step further and say that it has done so. Many benches are being occupied by unaccustomed people in these trying days, and strange questions are being asked.

Yet as the years go by something far more astonishing is happening. After all it is only natural that those borne down in defeat should fling up questions out of the gloom of their failure. It is the privilege, the prerogative, of defeat to question. But when success flings questions at the stars we stop and wonder. It is funny when Don Quixote tilts with windmills. It seems absurd to try even to imagine Louis XIV, *le Roi Soleil*, in a similar predicament. I was sufficiently startled, therefore, when a very wealthy Wall Street man asked me quite suddenly, "I don't know what to do about my two sons. Why is it so hard to educate boys these days? It used to be so simple. Can you give me any advice?"

"Well, what's wrong with your own education? You're a Harvard man, aren't you?"

He shook his head dolefully. "Yes, but what I had isn't good enough. Anyway, I suppose college takes care of itself. But what to do up to that time. It's a terrible problem."

It was useless to discuss it further. Indeed, discussion is always out of the question when anyone wraps himself in a mantle of gloomy foreboding. But two things emerge clearly. One is the natural feeling of a loving father that nothing can be quite good enough for his children. The other is more important. In a dark moment the highly successful broker had confessed. His own education had not been satisfactory. He wanted to do more for his boys. What could he do?

Those of us who have lived, as one might say, among the very wealthy rather than with them, have seen

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with concern the problem of education become increasingly difficult. How many thousands of times a day do the poor or moderately-circumstanced repeat the old *cliché*, "Oh, if I only had money to educate my children properly!" In a way I dare say the lack of money is a blessing in disguise, as it always allows one to cling to a beautiful dream. But suppose there is enough money — overwhelmingly more than enough. Then what? It is no longer possible to delude oneself with a dream. Then one must face facts; immense golden facts, if you will, but just as difficult to negotiate for all that.

A FEW personal instances will clarify the idea more than any amount of explanation. I was tutoring a boy who was to inherit a great fortune. He was a regular, sloppy boy of twelve or thirteen, with little sense of the necessity not only of getting through required work but also of doing it well. He had a vague hope that some day he might be a fine football player; a mad hope, of course; but otherwise life stretched ahead as a gray, meaningless vacuum. Even the football idea was mostly a conception of cheering crowds and seventy-yard runs. When I discussed the work and strain and training that lay back of it all he was bored. Finally, in an English lesson, a climax came. He made a wretched failure of a "business" letter and I, in a careless moment, advanced the usual teacher's argument.

"Now, Jack, you must do better. You must realize the importance of business letters. Suppose you were writing for an important position which you wanted very much —"

He dropped his pen in triumph. "But that's just it, Mr. Gifford, I wouldn't be writing such a letter. Other people will write letters like that to me."

I plunged desperately to repair the mistake I had made.

"Then certainly it would help you to decide, if you knew which letters were done correctly, whether you ever needed to write one or not."

But I failed to score. He was quite ready with an answer. "Well, I suppose I'd just let someone else read the letters and not bother with them at all."

And so one is face to face with the grave problem. In another case somewhat similar I told a boy he simply had to learn something whether he considered it important or not. "All right, Mr. Gifford, I'll learn it, but of course you can't make me remember it." Thereupon to ease his mind I told him the famous "bull" of the Irishman who said to his doctor, "Sure you can make me go out for a walk, but I won't take the air." The boy laughed, but his confidence in his own powers to forget was unshaken. Later I was to learn that that confidence was completely justified.

ANOTHER case in point, with another boy, of course. I made him do a theme twice because of incredibly sloppy writing. His father came to me. "Don't you think you very much exaggerate the importance of handwriting in my son's case? He'll never have to write. He can hire secretaries to do that for him."

I could not refrain from inquiring, "But you have the boy very carefully learn correct golf strokes?"

"That's entirely different. Good

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golf is an essential for a business career."

Still another young man, preparing for Yale. In the course of geometry lessons I found his simple arithmetic to be very faulty. Remember, he was of college age, therefore any lurking excuse of boyish jollity is excluded. Exasperated, I cried, "How do you expect to be successful in business without simple arithmetic?" He shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"After all, Mr. Gifford, look how well you know it; but you're not a success in business. You've said you know you could never be."

I felt too proud to take refuge in dignity. I answered, "I'm not saying it alone makes for success. I am saying it is one vital necessity."

Again the shrug and the smile. "A necessity for clerks, perhaps, hardly for executives. I'll manage without it."

With no sense of triumph whatever, in this case I know he hasn't managed without it. I might add that he never got into Yale.

Now where do these anecdotes lead us? It is terrifyingly simple. At all ages these children of great wealth see themselves as a group apart, and indeed they are. The very basis of ordinary education is to increase earning power. Everywhere we look are statistics showing the greater earning capacity of the high school boy, and then of the college man. We are walled in by the tradition that education means greater earning power. With this as his armor the tutor faces the child who lives in an atmosphere where there is so much money that it isn't even discussed. It is taken for granted that one has everything. The extent of this belief in a good, solid world in which money is always at hand, is amazing. Children have stared at me in gaping delight when they learned I didn't have a car. (It was as delightful to them as if they had learned I did have a camel.) A little boy and girl once clapped their hands with joy at the idea. The girl then put her hand trustingly on my arm. "Oh, that must be so nice. Then when you come out of a store you just take a taxi and don't have to wait for the chauffeur to come! Sometimes I wish I could, but Mummy says that nice ladies always wait for chauffeurs to come." Of what use would it be to try to explain what one does if one can not afford taxis? Far easier to ask the Australian bushman to comprehend snow.

I once took an earnest fourteen-year-old boy for a walk in a crowded tenement district, and then home on the subway. He ran at once to his mother, bursting with the excitement and wonder of it all. She responded in a way he had never dreamed. I have never seen anyone controlling anger with greater difficulty. "I am surprised, Mr. Gifford. You should realize I don't want Robert to see such things. They give him bad ideas. And besides, in such places there are deadly germs. Especially on the subway, it is terribly dangerous. I can't bear to think of it. Please use his car or a taxi."

"But mother," the boy exclaimed, "Mr. Gifford rides in the subway almost every day. Don't you, Mr. Gifford?"

"That's quite different. He's used

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to it. But you mustn't. Promise me. Never, never again."

And so the child is carefully guarded against the world.

It is a strange delusion of those who do not know, that these children think of how much money they have and of all the things they are going to do when big. Such is never the case. Money is merely accepted and its presence or absence never mentioned. It would simplify the problem if the children were brought up thinking more about it. One might hope then to teach more effectively the things so carefully figured out to increase earning power. But with conditions as they are, there is no incentive. No matter what happens, a great fortune is coming to the child. Nothing short of a cataclysm can change that, so does it really matter whether one learns to figure compound interest or not? Someone in the bank can be trusted to do it quite correctly. There are always trust companies to insure the security of the financially incompetent.

SO ONE finally comes to face the issue squarely. Of what use is an education that concerns itself with earning for a boy or girl whose problem will be one of correct spending? Perhaps this is putting it too crudely. Perhaps it is better viewed from a slightly different angle. All our schooling for the average individual contains provision for "spare time." "What do you do with your leisure?" the advertisements shriek at us, trying to snare us with the belief that we can learn French or music in a few hours, or become an expert dancer by mail. "Just fifteen minutes a day" is all that is asked in order to turn anyone into a person of culture.

But here stand the young man and woman who are going to have twenty-four hours a day. They are going to be guarded always by the latest advances of science so they may live longer. They are going to be sheltered from the storm and stress of life as carefully as the monastic orders of old which built up holy seclusion against the bitterness of a storm-tossed world. An example of that protection serves. A youngster of historic name sailed for Europe with his mother and step-father. The boy had a tutor, the mother a maid, the father a valet. Also there were three doctors in the party, one each for mother, father, and son. To those who know the family it is no surprise to learn that no one was ill in any way; but then, you never can tell.

Oh, the extent of that guarded leisure! I was calling on a lady who lives behind the carefully policed walls of one of our most secluded places. She suggested a walk beside the lake. So I rang for a maid. Her shoes were put on. Her hat and coat were put on. We went for a walk.

IT MIGHT be well to pause here for a moment to answer a question that usually arises during any discussion of this situation. Someone always says, "Yes, it is true women have great leisure; but the men will be hard workers." A woman said one day, "But, Mr. Gifford, you know that American business men are terrific workers. Just look at my husband. Certainly no one who works for him works half as hard as he does himself."

She was very earnest, so I said, "True. But how about your son?

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Does he show any sign of that energy?" A shadow seemed to fall on her face. She knew we were both thinking of that, and had been. She knew how that troubled her, even while she eulogized her strenuous husband. I went on quickly, "Please believe me, I realize the boy is young, sweet natured, and all that. If I didn't like him I frankly would not care to bring him into the discussion." I had hoped to get further, but the conversation was swiftly run off at a tangent and ended nowhere; or, should I say, in a very good cup of tea?

THAT is the situation. I can frankly say that I think I have never known a millionaire child whose sheer energy and drive equalled that of his father. I feel I have never taught a boy who seems likely to increase his fortune by determined personal efforts. And I say this, fully ready to agree that it may mean nothing at all, because it is something almost, if not quite, impossible to predict. And at the same time I am thinking of some of these boys who have splendid futures awaiting them, who will be splendid men with fine, gentle ideals. But the sheer vital drive of early necessity which goads to great wealth is beyond them. And so many fathers feel it, and it hurts them.

One man took me motoring at Palm Beach in order to air his grievance. I had at different times tutored his two sons and his daughter. His older boy was worrying him at the moment, for as he was finishing his college course he showed nothing but repugnance in his attitude towards his father's highly successful business. The man exclaimed bitterly, "And I wanted my boy for my work, to carry on my work! I built it up from nothing, and now to him it's just a series of factories. He wants to go to Oxford."

I tried to make him see his son better. Editor of his college magazine, several poems already in literary magazines, he looked toward literature for happiness. Financially he was far beyond any need of effort. Perhaps the young man wanted Oxford as a sanctuary. In any case, my feeble explanations were thrust aside. In a way I was the worst person for him to turn to. He knew that. I had spent a whole winter tutoring his son in English poetry, encouraging him to write verses. In any event I am unregenerate. If I am responsible I am very happy to be so.

IT IS best to give further examples of the changing youth. A youngster when only a little boy made up his mind he was going to be a doctor or a surgeon. By the time he was ten he was eagerly questioning physicians and collecting bones to study them as best he might. Now he is about to enter college. I asked him the other day if he was still sure of being a great doctor. He flushed a little, then said, "I used to be sure, now I just hope." But the reminiscent smile spoke volumes. The true ambition is still there, and here at least the mother stands loyally with her son. I am sure she had rather he contribute a little truth to science than double his already great fortune ten times over.

Another case is more amusing. A family had a great hulking son who seemingly just couldn't learn anything. His big body overflowed

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classroom seats in the select school which he attended. His power to forget almost drove me to distraction. Then I was startled to learn that he almost won a great golf tournament. A few days later he was runner-up in another. His parents were delighted, and now, though I am sure Albert will never distinguish himself in a scholarly way, he well may on the links. He is happy, and startlingly efficient there, and his parents, being wise, are very happy, and his prospective teachers, being spared, are happy.

Now in a sense all the life of a youngster is his education, and not merely the more formal training usually so classified. In England these "outside" problems enter very little into the question. The life of a wealthy youngster even in the nursery falls into a clearly marked groove. There are certain things which one does do and other things one does not do, and so the vagaries of the individual play little part. The boy is pressed into a certain mold and at the end of the line, after the ministrations of the nurse, governess, tutor, Public School, University, he comes out — a gentleman. Like all terms, he has only a type meaning. He is a gentleman exactly as one might be a doctor, a lawyer, a clergyman. And the long list of qualifying adjectives from very good to very bad are equally applicable. In the latter case it is the equivalent of the malpractising doctor, the disbarred lawyer, the unfrocked clergyman. It would be too ironical to call him a very bad gentleman, so he is called a remittance man and is sent out of England. Denied the society of his peers, he solaces himself with climate. But in Shanghai, Hollywood, Vancouver or Buenos Ayres, he can not lose the caste mark. He is still a gentleman, however much a very bad one.

In America it is not so simple. To be sure, there is a very large group who feel that life can not hold any meaning for them unless their sons enter one of four or five schools. But though the lists of pupils of these schools may read like the Stock Exchange, fortunes are still made and lost far too quickly and the country is far too large for the type to be very marked.

Having no set rule, things often go in widely differing channels. I have tutored boys whose mothers were popping in every minute to see how things were getting on, until the interruptions destroyed all hope of continuous work; and I have sent a boy home from my little class in a private school with a note and had him return in tears because he couldn't show his mother the note. In fact he hadn't seen her for almost a week, though living in the same house. It was true, also. The governess sadly confirmed the story.

In another way I tutored a boy who at the age of ten had a speed motor boat with a mechanic, and a Bugatti racing type car with a second mechanic in charge. And he ran them. A year or so later he came in second in a rather important motor boat race on Long Island Sound. Taking the case of another boy, I spoke to his mother about some of his clothes being too small to the point of real physical discomfort. She replied, "But he'll have to wear them out.

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He'll have to learn not to be wasteful."

I have lost two or three positions through inability to play golf, in one case the play demanded being not with the boy but with his father; and I have a friend who held a fine tutoring position purely because he danced the tango with the boy's mother. It so happens he was a good tutor, but he always acknowledges that he is sure that was quite incidental. I know a boy neglected to the point of getting his breakfast from the icebox, if there was anything there, and I know another who was only allowed to play tennis with a professional instructor for fear he might learn a wrong stroke. One child I know of had to have a tutor with a Ph.D. degree, while another had one whose conversation might well have been the envy of Jack Oakie. One boy always appeared in public with two guards, another had a latch key and came in when he pleased, usually after the last picture show. Both were ten years of age and in Palm Beach at the same time.

NO, THE education of the young millionaire in America is certainly not standardized. The education of his father was probably far more chaotic, but times have changed and there is little to show that the youths are inheriting any of that driving force with which the fathers won fortune. Often one must return to the grandfather to find the great fortune builder, but in few cases it is necessary to go further. And now slowly but surely a demand is arising for something really useful in the way of education. Unwillingly, the fathers are becoming reconciled to the fact that children will not follow in their footsteps, even as they did not follow their forefathers in the past. But those who have accumulated great fortunes see themselves as unmistakably right in their deviance, and only slowly can come to look favorably on vagaries in their own offspring.

The fathers and mothers are worried. They carefully arrange their money so that their children will be safe even from themselves. And that in itself is the biggest proof of their doubt and worry. More and more the children are going into good schools, and while the social emphasis placed on certain schools is quite ridiculous, still they are better off than in the hands of careless tutors, and they are having some glimpse of life, even though it may be as far removed from the mad struggle of life as a monastery garden. Gold may only be rubbing against gold, but even so there is friction and rough edges are rubbed down.

THE day of the tutored young millionaire is passing, and it is for the best. No longer will teaching consist so largely of tact, bridge playing, dancing and golf. Lessons have too long twisted themselves around teeth-straightening appointments, moving pictures, and boxing lessons. Boys will be better off at school, where if no one has a Bugatti car, at least everyone has a warm breakfast. In unusual cases the tutor has a function. I dare flatter myself I have tried hard, and if I have done harm, perhaps I have also done a little real good. Perhaps I would even welcome a return of old ideas, at least financially; but things are improving and

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one must see it. And yet, given the finest school, the problem is still unsolved. It is still only an effort in what might be called the English direction. Indeed, English influence is very strong in these schools. But whether or not that is a solution of the English problem, it is not a solution of the American. English money always carries heavy responsibilities. In these days most of it has to return into the great landed estates from which it was once derived. In America these very rich boys will have actual wealth in their hands; wealth to fling away for Rembrandts or chorus girls. Their principal will be protected. Plunge as they will, they can not harm that materially. No money has to return whence it came. From the mines of Colorado, the wells of Oklahoma, the fields of Kansas, all shall be poured into the great maw of New York and a few other cities. Is it any wonder that the poor sons of the miner, the driller, the farmer, follow the golden trail at the end of which lies only the rainbow?

A lady remonstrated with me when I insisted that her son must be disciplined. "Mr. Gifford, you forget John will one day be a very rich man." But she was wrong. I do not forget. I can not fail to remember how much wealth her son will have some day. And so I then insisted that for that very reason discipline was the more necessary. If the ice-man's son is worthless, I am sorry for the ice-man. If the king's son is worthless, I am sorry for all the people.

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Why Potatoes?

By Hugh M. Foster

Economics Begins At Home

Women are better economists than men. Men talk about the international flow of gold, or the rate of exchange, or the relation between gold reserves and commodity prices. Altogether, they talk of things about which they know as much as the ordinary man knows of Sanskrit. On the other hand, women talk about the prices of socks in Woolworth's, Marshall Field's or Peck and Peck's. They not only talk, they do something. They buy the socks. They have lively and insatiable curiosity on the subjects of food, clothing and a few other household desirables.

Women are far more practical than men. Bernard Shaw was right when he said, years ago, that women were practical and men romantic, women were specific while men were vague and insisted upon indulging in generalities, which seemed to satisfy their vanity in the reverberations of their own voices or the sight of their own words in print. That is one reason, Shaw contended, why women run the homes of the world, while men write literature, paint pictures, make scientific investigations and create other luxuries, which we can do without; while women deal with the necessities of life, which we all take for granted and consider prosy until we are wholly or partially deprived of them and then we become infuriated; but women are incessantly interested in what nobody cares anything about.

I have found, in the last fifteen or twenty years, as a speaker and writer on a lot of miscellaneous subjects having to do with the great food industry of this country, that women now ask far more penetrating questions than they did at the beginning of that period. Do you remember the old cry of "Eliminate the middleman?" I could not write in those days in justification of the middleman without having devoted readers enter into correspondence with me about the rapid approach of the millennium when the middleman would be eliminated. The fact that the average profit of the middlemen in the food business is something around two per cent not only did not interest them, but was utterly scouted until Harvard University made investigations of the food trades and substantiated what I had said. Then, when the dear women were asked how much it was worth to them to

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save two cents on a dollar, and whom they would get to do the middleman's work, and how they could be sure that anyone would do it more cheaply, questions began to wane. I dare anyone to get up now before the National Association of Housewives' Leagues and begin his address with a rhetorical question based on the elimination of the middleman. If he does, there will be a scramble for umbrellas and the cloak room will do a rushing business.

WOMEN today ask about grades, qualities, brands, prices, processes of distribution, the cost of advertising and who pays for it, the real merits and demerits of chain systems and individually owned retail stores, and a few other questions; embarrassing because some of the rest of us would like to have something in the way of assurance for answers. For instance, a woman writes to me and asks why food costs so much. In reply, I send a chart of all the processes of food distribution, and ask her how it can cost so little. I assure her personally, frankly and confidentially, in my most engaging manner, that fame and fortune await any person who can make the crooked straight or cut the costs by a fraction large enough for an accountant to recognize. My correspondence with that woman ceases.

A housewife in the Bronx wants to know why an Idaho potato costs so much, and I ask her what a Bronx potato would sell for in Idaho. But she is a persistent person who has to prepare a paper for the next meeting of the Bronx Association of Advanced Women. Then I give her the records of the cultivation of potatoes in Idaho, and tell her, quite frankly, that I do not know why the climate and soil of that particular State and the assiduity of potato growers therein have resulted in a potato of remarkable size and quality, which has been well advertised. Finally, I remind her that Idaho potatoes would not sell for what they do at present, if women would not write papers about them and read them at women's clubs and if they would not ask for Idaho potatoes; but, she replies, "They are the best." Then I comfort her with the assurance that if they are, she must be prepared to pay for them on the basis of the belief of herself and other women.

A DEAR devoted listener, who begins her remarks by expressing her appreciation of my wonderful talks and the great good they have done, goes on to ask, what she really wanted to know, if I did not realize that Monterey canned peaches were the best peaches in the world. When I tell her that I did not know this, her facial expression shows far more than she could say of her complete loss of faith in me; so she retorts by saying, "Why, don't you read the advertising?"

"Yes," I reply, "I have noticed something of the kind, but I thought you were talking about peaches."

"Of course," she answers, "the advertisement could not say so if it were not so."

She appears not to understand me when I answer, "That is news, indeed."

"Why, what do you mean?" she inquires.

Then I try desperately to explain in my humblest and simplest manner,

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"There is no such thing, as far as the food industry knows, as the best peach in the world. Crops vary from year to year. The crop in one State, Georgia, for instance, varies very decidedly from the crop in California."

"What would you do?" she asks.

"It might be a good plan," I suggest, "to open the cans and compare the peaches. There are many varieties and there is no law, thus far, against your buying what you like; and quite aside from the variety, quality, size and maturity of the fruit, you may prefer a light syrup or a heavy one."

"But," she answers, "I have been told that this is the largest canning company in the world."

"So I have heard," I answer, "and just because that company's output is so large is why it is difficult to maintain absolute uniformity of quality year after year. You see, it is much easier to buy 100,000 peaches of the same quality than several million. Besides, in the case of a shortage of its own crops, the company has to buy from other canners or growers and, conversely, when there is a surplus, it has to sell to others, both canners and distributors."

ANOTHER favorite question is why grocers charge more for red canned salmon than for the pink. They are rather annoyed by my reply that it is only because people pay more for the former than the latter. They seem to think that I have merely given what is technically known in the vernacular as a "smart Aleck" answer, and that I don't know anything about it, so I have ducked the question. Nothing astonishes people, or arouses their suspicion, more than a plain statement of facts. I generally wait for the incredulity to reach its height, and then I say, "The truth of the matter is that this increase in price is due to the fact that you eat with your eyes instead of your teeth." This seems to carry the house no better than the first, so I go a little further into prosy details and tell them that whether they believe it or not, food chemists and piscatorial experts of the Department of Agriculture and of the Tariff Commission, after years of research, have proclaimed their findings that the only difference between red and pink salmon is that the former has a slightly darker subcutaneous pigment and what the chemists call a "trace" more oil. Now the word "trace," as used by a chemist, need not interfere with your luncheon or dinner, but the difference in pigment represents the difference between blondes and brunettes; only, in the case of salmon, women prefer brunettes. There is no accounting for the fact that hostesses at luncheon prefer the more intense color of the red meat. If they insist on this preference, they must pay for it.

WOMEN are very enthusiastic about the economies offered them at chain stores.

"Didn't you know," they say to me, "that chain store prices are twenty-five to thirty per cent lower than those of the old-fashioned grocer?"

"No," I admit, candidly, "I did not know that."

"Well," they say, as though they had got one on me, "I read it in the newspaper."

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"Oh, yes," I reply, "I remember that series of articles. I happen to know the chain store company that wrote them."

"Do you mean to say somebody else wrote the articles, and not the newspaper?"

"That is the idea I have tried to convey."

"Well, do you mean to say that newspapers don't write their own articles?"

"I REGRET to observe that I do mean that no newspaper writes all its articles, but the chain store company that provided the material for that series of articles you are thinking of made the charts, chose the commodities, made its own prices and practically wrote the entire series of articles. That is one of my reasons for feeling some skepticism about the scientific accuracy of that record. I have several others. Perhaps I may be allowed to say something further on that subject because I started the first impartial investigation of prices in chain store groceries and in those owned by individual grocers.

"For fifteen or twenty years I have read so much and heard so much more about chain store propaganda on this subject, and violent recriminations by groups of individual grocers, that finally I tried to secure some reliable information. I succeeded in persuading Professor R. S. Alexander, Assistant Professor of Marketing at the School of Business of Columbia University, to make an impartial investigation. He is not a groceryman, either employed by a chain store company or in business for himself, and therefore I assumed that he could be considered an impartial investigator. Besides that, he is a professor who has his scientific reputation to maintain by accuracy and candor. He investigated the prices in 721 individually owned grocery stores and 301 chain grocery stores in four middle class neighborhoods in Manhattan, four in Brooklyn and two in the Bronx. In order to avoid differences in quality, he chose fifty well-known nationally advertised grocery products carried in both kinds of stores. By one method of calculation, he found the prices in individually owned grocery stores five per cent below those in chain stores and by another method he found the chain store prices two per cent lower than the others. The report of his complete investigation, with all explanations, has been published by *The Journal of Commerce* in a pamphlet at twenty-five cents a copy. You can read there all you need to know on the subject.

"LATER, Professor Malcolm D. Taylor, of the University of North Carolina, made a similar study in Durham, showing an advantage in favor of the chains of 13.79 per cent. Einar Bjorklund and Professor James L. Palmer, Professor of Marketing, of the University of Chicago, have lately published a similar study. The study of Professor Edgar Z. Palmer, Associate Professor of Economics of the University of Kentucky, shows, with all his qualifications, a percentage in favor of chain stores of 14.3 per cent.

"Of course, you must make your own allowances for the difference between towns like Durham and Lexington, and the City of New

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York. No clever accountant can make an average of the findings of these four professors, because it won't mean anything, on account of the different products and different methods of investigation and calculation."

AN INTERESTING effect of women's curiosity in their questions dawned upon me a short time ago as an official of one of the largest chain store groceries in the country told me that price cutting was futile. He said that it had lost its novelty and its power of attraction. His company had found that when it put on its windows notices of "loss leaders," or other special prices, women bought only the articles which were cut and went from chain to chain buying such commodities. So that, in fact, they contributed nothing but losses. Of course, the idea of the loss leader is to draw a woman into a shop to make her buy something on which there is a good profit, but if women have learned to go from store to store and buy only the cut price articles, and so have induced large chain store companies to relax their price cutting fervor, they have made an impression that rather proves them as economists.

Women ask if the new quick frozen foods are not the same that used to have such a bad name years ago as cold storage foods. Some articles on the subject have been written in women's magazines, but I find many women who know nothing whatever about the new quick freezing process. All kinds of food are now frozen in cellophane packages at temperatures between forty and fifty degrees below zero for about three-quarters of an hour. Such delicate fruits as raspberries are taken at the very height of their perfection and frozen into a block as hard as a brick. I have eaten good old-fashioned Irish stew, frozen in a block so hard that an axe would break on it, and had it, after twenty minutes' cooking, on my table, with delicious gravy. Armour and Company are doing the same thing with steaks, chops, roasts and other cuts of meat, and another company has gone even further with fresh trimmed packaged meats, unfrozen.

I HAVE tried to explain to groups of women two new laws about foods. One is called the sub-standard law and the other the grading law. The former gives the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture power to set standards for canned foods, and to require that labels shall state clearly that such foods, while wholesome and legal, are below the United States Government's standard. If a can of tomatoes has a little too much water, or a can of peas has too much sediment or not enough color, it is below standard. Tomatoes with too much liquid, or broken up in small pieces, may be just as useful for stewed tomatoes or corned beef hash as others, and a great deal cheaper. A whole, ripe, perfect tomato may look more attractive at luncheon on a leaf of lettuce, but it is no more nutritive.

The grading law gives the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture power to set grades for all canned foods, such as standard, extra standard, choice, extra choice, and so on. Hearings on what the specifications should be to establish

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these standards for canned peas, peaches and pears were begun in the Department of Agriculture in Washington on December 15, 1930, and will continue until the details are made satisfactory to the Government and the trade. The effect of women's questions and curiosity is again shown in the attitude of the department officials in inviting representatives of consumer organizations to attend these hearings or to express their views in writing.

A still more interesting effect of the influence of women upon the food industry is shown in the broadcasting by the Department of Agriculture. For several months now, W. R. M. Wharton, Chief of the Eastern District of the Food and Drug Administration, has been talking over the radio from New York, and W. W. Vincent, Chief of the Western District, has been talking from San Francisco. Both men's lectures are on the subject of how to read the label. The talks deal with every conceivable food product and give thorough information, which is not too technical.

Did you know that sugar sold a few years ago for $29.00 a pound in Los Angeles? Mr. Vincent will tell you all about this, how during an epidemic of influenza there was a shortage of aspirin and some clever adventurer had powdered sugar stamped into tablet form and labeled "aspirin." Did you know that there were some eighteen distinct varieties of cheese sold under more than four hundred names? Mr. Wharton tells how to tell limburger from cream even if you have a cold.

The mail of Mr. Vincent and Mr. Wharton shows more than anything else the effect of women's curiosity in questions. One of the most persistent questions is why the food and drugs law has so much to do with labels and nothing to do with advertising. Women ask when it will be made to include advertising, and why anyone is allowed to say anything he wants about his product in advertising, while the Government authorities inspect scrupulously the words on the label or package. That is rather a good point, and shows again the change from years ago in women's questions about food, and shows still more the effect even on the Government.

If women keep up this sort of thing, something is bound to happen in regard to truth in advertising and knowledge of qualities and prices. The first thing you know, food manufacturers and distributors will have to tell what women want to know.

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Lo, The Poor Farmer!

By Haydn Sanborn Pearson

Some Encouraging Facts

A recent article in The North American Review pictured a gloomy scene in rural northeastern America. It would seem that the farmers in this section were wending their way along behind the Merovingian kings on their ox carts to humanity's smoldering junk heap.

But the truth of the matter would seem to lead us to a different conclusion. Since Squanto, the Indian friend of the Pilgrims, taught them how to grow maize, agriculture has never been so well off as now. Consider this: there was $84,700,000 increased crop value in the United States in 1929 over 1928. Of this, New England produced $54,000,000, or 64 per cent. And New England has only 2 per cent of the land area and 1 per cent of the crop area of the United States!

I know what the average reader will exclaim. "Why, last summer we were touring around through Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, and everywhere we went there were deserted farms! Dozens and dozens of them. One can't make a living on a farm in New England."

The unvarnished truth of the matter is that these abandoned places are not farms and never were! They represent an area of land not meant for anything but forests or upland pastures. It isn't news any longer when some agricultural college official declares, "There aren't any abandoned farms in New England! Sentimentalists weep when each survey shows fewer farms. The good old Puritan stock which developed this noble experiment in democracy is running out! If it hadn't been for the fact that farmers in the 'good old days' raised a crop of boys who worked for clothes and board, we would not see these deserted homes among the hills. Free labor, on land that represented a self-sufficing unit for simple wants of earlier days, is not modern agriculture."

Historically, the foundation for the present wholesome condition of Eastern agriculture began about 1900. It represented a revolutionary change in farming methods. Up to that time farmers had struggled along since the Mid-West's opening, trying to compete with the black, fertile acres on an equal basis.

The realization came to a new generation that Eastern agriculture's future lay along a different line. Here was a corner of the nation in

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which a great population was concentrated. It had to be fed; but the East could not raise the corn and wheat needed, even though today Massachusetts raises more corn and oats per acre than does Iowa.

No, the Lord didn't make New England to raise the cereal grains in great quantities; there were not the ranges for beef and sheep. But about 1900, there came the realization that New England could raise milk, apples, poultry products, market garden vegetables of fifty-seven varieties. Hundreds of greenhouses were built. Aroostook potatoes and Vermont maple products became nationally known. In brief, New England has become truly a Land of Specialties, all of which find an eager, well-paying market.

LET me illustrate by telling what has happened in my home town, up among the hills and valleys of southern New Hampshire. There's nothing unusual or spectacular about the situation. It represents the transition which has occurred in the average New England community. Thirty years ago Hancock was a hustling, prosperous agricultural community. About one thousand milch cows were kept, the herds varying in size from a dozen to fifty; the milk was shipped by train to Boston. General farming and lumbering were the chief industries.

Then farming declined. The margin of profit was small; the young men would not work for work's sake; they went cityward. Today in Hancock, a community of 500 people, there is little general farming. There may be one hundred and fifty cows in town.

Yet today Hancock is more prosperous than ever. There are thousands of apple bearing trees in town. A few weeks ago I was told there are 16,000 young trees which will come into bearing in a few years. There are fine poultry flocks. A summer hotel attracts many city people; a large, nationally known girls' camp brings 500 wealthy girls to leave spending money. Many sightly places have been bought as summer homes, where local people find ready work.

Practically every family in town has a motor car and radio, and the vast majority are "getting by" well. The town has a modern water supply, fire protection, and electric lights. There is a modern school system — through the high school; a thriving Protestant Church. The Grange, Women's Club and Historical Society are live organizations. This is a typical story of a typical agricultural community.

FROM the farming viewpoint, in 1929 New England's live stock value was $136,000,000; hay $63,380,000; dairy products, milk, cream and cheese, $80,000,000; potatoes, $71,916,000; tobacco, $18,659,000. Other products, apples, corn, maple products, poultry, onions, etc., bring the 1929 value to the grand total of $468,111,000. Quite a sizeable bunch of money for the poor farmers! And the New England States combined are no larger than the single state of Iowa. As Dr. Gilbert, Commissioner of Agriculture of Massachusetts, says, "Anyone who doubts the agricultural importance of New England farms might well consider the fact that 64 per cent of the total increase in crop values for the United States

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as a whole in 1929 can be credited to New England. This is one per cent of the crop area of the nation. Does this look like decadence? Laugh right out loud when anyone again speaks or writes of New England's agricultural decadence."

Let's absorb a few more statistics about our poor farmer's lot! There are 1350 Granges and 173,000 Grangers in New England. There are 251 trained agricultural specialists and home makers who are showing the way to better rural living. The Farm Bureau is active in each State.

THIS leads to an interesting point raised in the article already mentioned. To quote: "Easy to point out that two forms of coöperation — that of coöperative investment and that of coöperative marketing — would go far to help the situation. But the present-day 1860 type farmer will not, can not coöperate. Help for these must come from State, county or private capitalism. Not, mind you, that enlightened and determined farmers might not finance such radical ventures, but that enlightened and determined psychology simply does not exist among the present incumbents of farms."

Please read that last sentence over again! And then consider the following facts!

The New England Milk Producers' Association has 22,000 members located in all the important milk producing sections of New England. In Vermont alone, there are 32 local milk coöperatives in which the farmer owns a financial interest and has an active voice in administrative policies. These coöperatives handle all their own business, including marketing. They sell to the New England Milk Producers' Association if it offers the best price. Or to a chain store. The point is — farmers *are* coöperating!

Consider this roll call of coöperating farmers' organizations. Concord, Mass., is the centre of an asparagus section. Last spring the farmers banded together and marketed 100,000 bunches at a fancy price. The Nashoba Fruit Growers of Worcester and Middlesex, a coöperative, marketed $100,000 worth of apples. The Boston Market Gardeners' Association began its coöperative functions in 1887! There are poultry coöperatives of hundreds of members. The cranberry growers on Cape Cod are organized for selling.

Last year the Massachusetts Farm Bureau purchased $250,000 worth of equipment, seed, etc., because the farmers had "enlightened and determined psychology" which told them that in coöperation lies success.

AS A final slap at this bugaboo of non-coöperation among New England farmers, let me describe the marketing plan put into effect by the agricultural committee of the New England Council. A label has been devised for use upon products strictly graded in conformity with State standards, which are uniform in all six States. Each farmer has a number on his label so any complaints can be checked.

Now consider these figures on labels used during the three years. Poultrymen have used 4,263,525 labels; maple products have used 236,910; asparagus growers, 199,275; apple farmers, 137,150; celery grow-

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ers, 52,275; potato men, 39,950; honey, 38,000; butter, 126,000; baby chicks and hatching eggs, 10,700; turkey growers, 33,746.

This means, that working together in a gigantic coöperation with Quality as a watchword, New England farmers have bought and used 5,140,531 labels because their "psychology" tells them it is the way to success!

I can't refrain from introducing a remark by a bewhiskered old-timer of my town. One Saturday night we were in the post office waiting for the evening mail to be sorted, and Uncle Eph was sounding me out on my education. "Wal," he wound up, "they tell me college means higher eddication, but no one seems to know how high it is."

NO ONE seems to know the condition of Eastern agriculture. Just because we're New Englanders, it's assumed that we're cold blooded, washed-out individualists. I can remember some twenty years ago when the New England Milk Producers' Association was formed, and how quickly the dairymen through New England signed up.

An error is revealed in other passages from the article mentioned. The author says: "It might be surmised that the kind of farming operations attempted was fundamentally wrong, however sound it may have been during the last century. . . . Eastern agricultural areas are decreasing. The West's are increasing. The 1860 style Northeastern farmer (like his local storekeeper) is a moribund institution, in fact as well as on paper, and as an institution he does not know it."

Now, as little Nellie said when she was driven forth into the cold world, "I resent this." The Northeastern farmer is far from being a moribund institution! I only wish that the author of the article quoted could sit in at some of the farmers' conclaves, listen to some of the technical discussions those men engage in. To quote Uncle Eph again, "I may have a few hayseeds in my whiskers, but I don't aim to have any inside my head."

THE author gives a broad hint as to his personal experiences as an Eastern agriculturist. Of land near the Catskills and the Green Mountains, he says, "Only seven years of passive resistance to nature have sufficed to turn good pastures into thickets. I know for I have ten neglected acres of it myself."

Reading that last sentence, I can't help but wonder if Mr. Fuller is one of those city souls who have figured it all out on paper how they can make a million a year on a farm.

Quoting again: "Is the 'new wilderness' coming back? Obviously it is. Despite the auto and its roads — perchance, obliquely because of it — the back country seems annually to move further back and closer up. Significant it is that every New England State except Maine has set its hand to a definite and extensive reforesting policy. A cycle of pioneerdom has nearly closed its arc."

Yes, thank God, the cycle of back-breaking labor, isolation, lonely women folks, poor roads, meagre education, and all the privations of pioneerdom is closed! And forever — those of us who love New England are confident.

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Cleveland

By Frederick A. Van Fleet

The Evolution of a City

A group of men were gathered in conference. They were grave of face and serious in demeanor, for weighty matters were under discussion; weighty to them, but far more weighty in future consequence than they were permitted to know.

The place was old Hartford, in the then young State of Connecticut; the time, the winter of 1795–6. The Declaration of Independence was less than twenty years behind, the bitter struggles of the Colonies for freedom from English rule much less than that.

Although the State in which they lived was still in its infancy, her sons had been buying land in regions yet newer. These men were the formally elected directors representing purchasers of land in New Connecticut, or the Western Reserve, as it was alternatively called.

True, the land had sold for but forty cents an acre, but there were 3,000,000 acres of it, so the directors were entrusted with the administration of $1,200,000, which was a very large sum of money in that day. And all the money had bought had been a quit claim of the State to title to the land. Ownership was still claimed by the Indian tribes who lived on it, and not for several years was the Federal Government definitely to confirm Connecticut's title which she was passing on to those who had paid forty cents an acre.

Could these men who were acting as directors of the newly-formed Connecticut Land Company have known that they held in their hands the future of a territory in which millions of men and women were to produce billions in wealth, they might have hesitated, but I think not. They were self-reliant men of affairs, leaders of their day. Their way was to do their honest best, and they would probably have done neither more nor less had they been permitted to catch a glimpse of what was to be builded on the foundations they were laying.

At any rate, they went at their task. They laid careful plans, which included treating with the Indians for extinguishment of their claims, surveying and appraising the land which had been bought to prepare it for resale, and founding a settlement at a given place, from which the immediate direction of the land venture was to be had.

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All these things had to be done on the ground. Plans could be made in Hartford, but they had to be executed on the Western Reserve. An expedition must be recruited and outfitted and a leader selected to direct that expedition. This choice fell on General Moses Cleaveland, one of the directors, a man in the prime of life with legal training, military experience and great strength of character. It was he who, as superintendent for the company, led the first expedition for the development, who supervised the work of the surveyors who ran the first township lines, and who established, at the designated juncture of the Cuyahoga River with Lake Erie, the town which the directors had decreed should be established there.

So the City of Cleveland was born. In all our still new country there is nothing more fascinating than a study of our great cities. Alike as men are alike, they are as different as men are different. Alike in the similarity of their piles of brick and steel and stone, their miles of street pavements and the green of their parks and lawns, they are as different in their characteristics as two men alike in physical structure are different in character.

That is because the real life and character of a city is a composite of the lives and characters of the men who laid it down, who nursed it through its pioneer days, who made it grow as they grew in it.

Cleveland, no more nor no less than every other great city, reflects in its characteristics the lives and characters of its four or five generations of citizens. But Cleveland, unlike other cities, reflects also the lives and characters of those sturdy business men of early Connecticut days, who had the daring to invest a vast sum of money in land that existed only in hearsay and the conservatism to go about developing it according to the soundest rules of business.

Most of our cities have evolved as circumstances might dictate. Cleveland, in its first few decades, developed very much as its Connecticut progenitors desired. An instance of this is found in the location. Original plans decreed that the settlement which was to be the principal place of business of the new territory should be where the Cuyahoga flowed into the lake. There Moses Cleaveland and his surveyors put it. But the first families to live on the site fell victims to fever and ague, from the marshes through which the river flowed.

Within the first two or three years part of the settlers had gone four or five miles east and established their own town and another part had gone about an equal distance southeast; both for the same reason — to get away from the fever. For a few years both towns were as large as Cleveland, and as important. But the land company directors had put their town where the river flowed into the lake because they saw the possibility of lake-borne commerce, and they kept it there. Today both other localities are within the Cleveland limits and the business centre is around the square shown on the maps of 1796 as the heart of the new town.

The first expedition sent out by the Connecticut Land Company

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comprised the superintendent, Moses Cleaveland, his deputy, one astronomer, four surveyors, a commissary, a physician and 37 men. On the way a council with Indian tribes was held and payment arranged for the rights of the Indians, the party first setting foot on the Reserve on July 4, quite appropriately, and going on to establish the new town on July 22.

It is significant that the names of none of the members of the Connecticut Land Company appear on the roster of that first expedition. They were business men and owners of the project, not adventurers. Moses Cleaveland himself commanded the first expedition, but criticism of his actions arose when he returned home the following winter, and while an investigation resulted in complete endorsement for him he appears never again to have seen the village which he founded and which bore his name.

Those who came in the first few years of the new town came to make homes for themselves. One of the policies of the company was to offer special inducements to purchasers who would live on the land. Mostly the settlers came from Connecticut and near-by States. Speaking of the Western Reserve in an address, James A. Garfield, whose home was in the district and who was buried in Cleveland, said:

"Its pioneers were not ignorant and thoughtless adventurers, but men of established character, whose opinions on civil and religious liberty had grown with their growth and become the settled convictions of their maturer years."

There are undoubtedly many whose names have been prominent in Cleveland history who could trace back to the early years, and some who might show ancestors who were among the original group of land buyers responsible for the Western Reserve. Direct lines are scarce, however.

One notable exception to this rule is offered by the Mather family, in which the lives of four Samuel Mathers span the whole history of Cleveland, from the Connecticut Land Company to 1931. The first of the four was sixth in the line of descent from Rev. Richard Mather, founder of the famous New England family, who came to the Colonies in 1635.

This Samuel Mather signed himself as Samuel Mather, Jr., and was a member and director of the Connecticut Land Company. His son Samuel was born at Lyme, Conn., in 1771 and was probably in Yale at the time of the land purchase. After his graduation he took a trip of inspection over the Western Reserve and then returned to Albany, to marry Catherine Livingston, of a noted New York family, and live the balance of his years in the New York State capital.

Samuel Livingston Mather, next in the line, removed to Cleveland in 1843 to handle the sale of lands owned by his father and others in the East. He studied law, but only for the purpose of doing conveyancing and other business, never entering practice. He became interested in the first discoveries of iron ore in the Lake Superior region, was one of the incorporators of the Cleveland Iron Mining Company and a director and

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its secretary-treasurer until 1869, when he became president and treasurer and held those posts until his death. He was also secretary and manager of the Marquette Iron Company, a director of the Bancroft Iron Company, president of the American Iron Mining Company, president of the Cleveland Boiler Plate Company, president of the McComber Iron Company and extens vely interested in railroads and banking.

COMPLETING the quartette is Samuel Mather, business leader and philanthropist of the present-day Cleveland. Born in the city in 1850, he became interested in iron and steel as a young man and has devoted his long business career to it. He formed, with Colonel J. S. Pickands, the firm, Pickands, Mather and Company, one of the great ore and shipping concerns of the country, and his name is written large through all the history of iron and steel and shipping in the last half century, as in the educational, religious and philanthropic activity of his native city of Cleveland.

While family lines may not be so directly traced from the men whose real estate promotion caused Cleveland to be established, characteristics can be. Connecticut had its iron workers and appreciated the importance of their work. Connecticut was a coast State and knew its ships and the value of maritime commerce. Of course it had its farmers; for wresting food and the materials for shelter, clothing and heat from nature was a basic part of the pioneer life.

At the very outset we find the land company offering special inducements to a blacksmith if he would set up a forge in the new town, and we find the first crude beginnings of an iron working industry within the first two decades, with a regular iron foundry in 1828 and rolling mills, plate mills and engine works, while the industry was still in its infancy throughout the country.

Also we find the beginnings of ship building almost at once, and history tells that in 1809 one Levi Johnson was building ships and exchanging them for land. Years later, when the commerce of the lakes was become important, Captain Alva Bradley, who had built up an impressive fleet, took a leaf from Levi Johnson's book and decreed in his will that his fleet of vessels should be sold off as good opportunity offered and the money invested in down town Cleveland real estate, with the result that his grandsons, Charles L. and Alva Bradley, active figures in modern business Cleveland, are very large owners of down town land and buildings.

IN 1816 a young man was attracted to Cleveland whose name is associated with the city's history in a manner different from most of the pioneers. A bank was wanted and there was nobody in town suited to manage it. Judge Kingsbury, one of the first settlers, suggested Leonard Case of Warren, Ohio, for the place. He was a young man who had been partly crippled by illness and was working in the land office at Warren. He was engaged, and Cleveland secured much when he was brought there.

Mr. Case was cashier of the new

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bank until it got into difficulties through hard times brought on by the collapse of inflated land values. Later the bank was reorganized by him, and he became its president. During the land slump he accumulated real estate which in returning good times made him wealthy. Mr. Case had two sons, William and Leonard, Jr. In his active days the elder Case had a small building on the public square which he used as an office. His son William took possession of it after its working days were over and formed there a club of the young men of the town. Natural history specimens were gathered and books, and meetings for discussion and interchange of opinion were held. Out of that club, known as the Ark, grew the Museum of Natural History, the Case Library and finally, when Leonard Case, Jr., died and left a large property for the purpose, grew the Case School of Applied Science, one of the better known technical schools of the country.

THE same bent toward industry and commerce implanted in Cleveland in its infant days by its Connecticut sponsors and its New England settlers made it appreciate keenly the need of transportation. The Erie Canal, finished in the second decade of the century, had a powerful influence on the development of the lakes country. It especially interested Cleveland business men and there was an early agitation for the construction of a canal to connect the Ohio River with Lake Erie — an agitation which resulted in legal authorization and after many struggles, in which Alfred Kelley, Cleveland's first prosecuting attorney, took a leading part, the construction of the canal and its opening about 1830. Its use was abandoned many years ago, but it had a powerful influence on the commerce of its day.

A decade later the city's business men became railroad builders. Lines east and west, southeast and southwest, which afterward became parts of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Big Four, Erie and Pennsylvania, were built. Alfred Kelley again led, being president of the line to Columbus, the first to be built, and Amasa Stone, one of the contractors, laid the foundation for business success which made him a great figure in the financial world.

In cities as in men, it is early training which counts. Because the early settlers and the Connecticut promoters of Cleveland believed in iron and in shipping, the city's history records the building in its shipyards of the first propeller on the Lakes and the first iron ship; in its shops, of the first locomotive to be constructed west of the Alleghanies. So the young city has a foundation of conservative industry, and it contained men who saw immediately the future of the iron ore discoveries in the upper lake country.

ROUGHLY the history of Cleveland might be divided into three parts. The first of these would include possibly the first half of the Nineteenth Century, the period when the tiny frontier settlement grew into a hamlet, then a village and then a city, when the blacksmith shops became small iron works, then foundries and plate mills and mills for rails and simple shapes, when the business

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of felling the trees of the forest to make ships for the Lakes developed into primitive shipyards and engine works. This was the period in which the steps of the city were set on a pathway of sound manufacturing of basic materials.

IDENTIFIED with this period were many men who rendered great service to the growing community and whose names have lived in the nomenclature of the city's streets, schools and neighborhoods only, and others to whom connection with the city's later periods may be more easily traced. Lorenzo Carter was more or less the great man of the first few years and further trace of him is lost. Leonard Case came early and his name lives in a great gift to education. General Cleaveland founded the town and gave it his name and had nothing further to do with it. Nathan Perry was an early settler who moved away but left his property to his son, Nathan, Jr., who improved the holdings and passed them on to his daughter, who married Henry B. Payne, a New Yorker coming to Cleveland in 1832 and becoming a famous figure, serving in various city and state offices, in the National House of Representatives, being mentioned for the Presidency, and finally taking a seat in the United States Senate. Amasa Stone built railroads, entered largely into the industrial life of the community, and memorialized the name of his son, drowned as a youth, in Adelbert College, a part of Western Reserve University.

A citizen of this period who did great service for the city remains unknown by name. He was the printer in the office of an early newspaper who, as the story goes, dropped something on the type which made the newspaper heading one day, spoiling one of the letter A's. With no type founder nearer than New York or Philadelphia, all the publisher could do was to drop the letter out and print the city name as Cleveland, rather than Cleaveland, a simplification which was speedily adopted by everybody.

The first period of the city's life also saw the original site defended, not only against Euclid and Newburgh, which had threatened from the first, but against the thriving and pushing Ohio City which had sprung up on the west side of the river and laid vigorous claim to supremacy, only to fall in line later as part of Cleveland.

THE second period, which might roughly be fixed as the second half of the last century, was one of slow and steady expansion. The men who said what sort of a city Cleveland should be were back there in Connecticut or identified with the first period. Those who made it a really great industrial centre and then used the money from industry to make it a cultural and social centre as well, were the men of the second period.

Iron and steel were carried in this period to a degree of importance equal to that at any other point in the country. Pittsburgh was a greater steel mill town, but Cleveland had ore control and shipping on which the Pittsburgh district was forced to depend. Identified with the history of this period were names of men important to the city and more im-

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portant to the nation in the greatness of their accomplishments.

Henry Chisholm came to Cleveland in 1850 to build a Government breakwater and remained to carry a most important part in the development of the steel business. The Mathers, Samuel L. and Samuel, have been mentioned. Dr. J. Lang Cassels went from Cleveland in 1846 to prospect in the Lake Superior region for the Dead River Silver and Copper Mining Company of Cleveland and came back with the story of iron ore, many of the stockholders of his company being in the Cleveland Iron Company formed soon after, a company that had much to do with the development not only of Lake Superior ore resources but of the whole iron and steel industry of the Ohio Valley.

J. H. WADE, a portrait painter in his young manhood, became interested in the electric telegraph, attracted possibly because Morse, its inventor, was also a portrait painter. In 1847 Mr. Wade took a contract to build a telegraph line from Detroit to Jackson, Mich. From that he went on to a leading part in the creation of the Western Union, making his home in Cleveland, taking active part in its affairs and finally perpetuating his name in a magnificent park for the city. Similarly W. J. Gordon, who came to Cleveland at 21 and went into the wholesale grocery business, became identified with the iron and steel business, amassed a great fortune and used part of it for a gift of park land to the city.

Captain Alva Bradley removed his shipyard from Vermilion to Cleveland in 1868, became a great ship owner and, in passing on, directed that his vessel property should be turned into business realty. Charles L. Bradley, one of his grandsons, is an ace in the Van Sweringen organization, which reaches for railroad lines as Captain Alva Bradley reached for ships.

Marcus A. Hanna and Howard M., his brother, established a ship line in 1874 to work with the Cleveland Iron Mining Company in transporting ore. Both were afterward with Rhodes and Co. and later formed the M. A. Hanna Company, an ore and shipping concern which bulked large in lake business. Marcus A. Hanna, as every one knows, went from big business to big politics, became a President maker, United States Senator and might have been President himself if he had not been so thoroughly caricatured with dollar marks.

ONE business came into Cleveland in this second period which became too great for the city to hold. John D. Rockefeller, young produce man, started an oil refinery, then combined a number of them into Standard Oil. In 1884 there were 86 oil refineries in the city. But the Pennsylvania oil fields ran out, the Rockefellers and Flagler and Harkness moved east to become famous there, and many cities are as important in oil refining and distribution as Cleveland today. Oil wealth and benefactions from it remained, a large park gift by John D. Rockefeller and an orchestra hall, now building, as the gift of John L. Severance, whose father was a part of the early Rockefeller organization, being the most noted.

To attempt to pick out more than

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an occasional man whose career is an illustration of the elements which have entered into the making of the city is impossible in such a recital as this. Harry Coulby, a young English boy, walked from New York to Cleveland, got a job in a railroad office, was picked off by Pickands, Mather and Company, and became one of the most important partners in that firm. Harry G. Dalton started on the docks and finished as partner in the firm. Myron T. Herrick, after fighting his way through school and selling household ware and lightning rods to get a start, came to Cleveland to study law, became a business figure, banker, Governor and finally died in the United States Embassy in Paris where he had made an undying name for himself. Andrew Squire studied medicine but preferred law and studied that, became a Cleveland attorney, and in well over 50 years of practice has become the adviser of the city's greatest business and civic leaders. L. E. Holden came from a mining career in the west to build what was then the city's greatest hotel and to own *The Plain Dealer*, a morning newspaper which traces its line of descent to the second paper established in the earlier days.

THE third period of Cleveland's history, that part of it written since the turn of the Twentieth Century, has been a period of modernizing, of building in the new manner on the sound foundations of the first century. It has brought new business leaders and new magnitude of enterprise. But even here the influence of the conservative past has been felt. At the beginning of the century, when automobiles began to claim attention, the city's business men, although interested in things made of steel, were not enthusiastic and leadership in the industry went across the Lake to Detroit. When it began to assume importance, however, Cleveland plants were found to be making an extraordinarily large bulk of parts, but those plants were still able to do any other kind of manufacturing, too. When the rubber industry developed in Akron, Cleveland business men helped it along with money and banking facilities and finally to a considerable extent with management ability.

NEW leaders developed, like O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, who sold papers and did any other jobs at hand until they got into the real estate business, developed a whole new section of fine residence property largely on courage, got into the railroad business to provide rapid transit for their residence property, and went on from there to national railroad leadership; or like Newton D. Baker, who started to practice law, got into politics, sat in the President's Cabinet as World War Secretary of War, and then settled back to law practice and universal respect; or like Cyrus S. Eaton, who studied for the ministry but preferred business, became an investment banker and then went into the steel business to contest for leadership with those who grew up in it; or the Bradleys, who were not content to live on that property which came from their grandfather's ships; or John A. Penton, who started a foundry trade paper and built up a group of steel, shipping and kindred publications

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which did much to tie industry together and to Cleveland, or John Sherwin, who through a career which took him from a small bank to banking leadership has always been known as the man who has helped build up industry; or G. A. Tomlinson, who, with a ship broker's experience on a daily newspaper training, came down from the head of the Lakes to make himself a power in lake shipping and an able ally of the Van Sweringens; or Charles A. Otis, who took a name familiar to the steel industry from the previous century into investment banking; or like dozens of others who have increased the industrial and financial importance of the city and turned the increment of industry into cultural or philanthropic ways.

There may seem to be but faint connection between the tiny hamlet laid out on the spot selected by the directors of the Connecticut Land Company and the Cleveland that looms large and promises to loom larger among the cities of America. But the dead hands which shaped the destinies of Cleveland for many decades after their owners were laid in quiet New England churchyards guided it into paths which led to the industrial and commercial accomplishment which is the substantial basis for Twentieth Century progress.

The graceful tower of the new Van Sweringen terminal is a symbol of the Cleveland of the future. It looks down on the square and streets laid out by the Connecticut Land Company and out over the river and lake whose commerce the officers of that company foresaw.

So it is not too much to say that without one the other might not have been.

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

Give us security! to life we cry.
And would you then have death before you die?
— From *Hazards*, a book of poems by Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan, $2).

PERHAPS this fragment of verse from an admirable small volume, which should have an additional appeal to American readers because of its dedication to Robert and Elinor Frost, leads one's thoughts quite naturally in the direction of Adam Zad. Or perhaps it is simply impossible not to think about Russia and to wonder how far Communism is to affect the future course of history and the individual lives of a good many millions of people now on earth. Certainly there is no one subject more widely discussed at present — indeed one may gauge the proportions of the public interest by the number of ridiculous remedies that are now being suggested to counteract the evil influence of the Soviets, these ranging from the lucubrations of Congressman Fish to letter-writers to daily newspapers, most of whom feel that the Five-Year Plan could be made to collapse almost immediately if the capitalistic nations of the world would stop trading with Russia, stop selling her machinery and furnishing her with experts, and stop taking her raw materials and her manufactured goods.

Plenty of Books

AND having made these desultory remarks — written down, in short, wholly in the proper spirit of landscaping — we would go on to say that those who are interested in the subject of Russia will find plenty of books available just now, in addition to some already mentioned in this department. There is, for example, Calvin B. Hoover's *The Economic Life of Soviet Russia* (Macmillan, $3), which is the outgrowth of a visit to Russia paid by the author as a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council in the Soviet Union during 1929 and 1930. This is a soundly done and reasonably simple account of the existing economic situation, seen objectively, and giving due consideration both to the remarkable achievements of the Soviet system in some respects and to its dismal failures in some others. The conclusion itself sets the keynote: "But for the present, it must be recorded that although the Soviet Civilization is farther removed from the Utopia of the philosopher than is the civilization of Capitalism, the

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Soviet system nevertheless has possibilities of economic success great enough to constitute a menacing threat to the future of Capitalism." Dr. Hoover observed that one social element which is of incalculable importance in America is lacking from the Russian scene: "There is a very noticeable lack of social competition or emulation of the sort which is comprehended in the American colloquialism 'keeping up with the Joneses'."

America and Russia

THE CHALLENGE OF RUSSIA by Sherwood Eddy (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), is the result of a number of visits made to the U.S.S.R. by an American lecturer who has also guided many of his compatriots through the existing maze of Russian affairs. It, like the Hoover book, is objective, and attempts to give a fair and accurate picture of conditions today. A more serious and scholarly book is *The Soviet Challenge to America* by George S. Counts (John Day, $3), which draws a running comparison between Russia and the United States and suggests a good many social changes that may have to come about in this country because of the Russian experiment. Mr. Counts is an authority on educational matters and his book is especially good in this field. H. R. Knickerbocker's *The Red Menace to World Trade* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50), made largely from a series of articles in *The New York Evening Post*, is an excellent summary of the present position of the Five-Year Plan and its possibilities, as well as some account of its dangers if the Plan is even partly successful.

Another volume that approaches the question from the human angle is William C. White's *These Russians* (Scribner, $3), which tells the stories of the fate of many different kinds of men under Soviet rule — that is, it puts the Russian situation into terms of human types, and since its author has spent three years in the country, with unusual chances for observation, the book is valuable, as well as highly interesting. This list of books might be multiplied almost indefinitely. Those readers who wish to refresh their minds upon the history of Russia will find George Vernadsky's *Russia*, published by the Yale University Press, and recently revised, a fine piece of work, brought reasonably down to date, and giving in a comparatively brief scope the whole story of the country. Without this background, it is useless to try to understand the present situation. The secrets of the success of the Soviets in holding the Russians in line are to be found in books like Vernadsky's.

For the Background

THERE are also some other new books which will help to fill in the necessary background of Russian affairs, and do it painlessly. Among these is *Under Three Tsars* by Elizabeth Narishkin-Kurakin, edited by René Fülöp-Miller (Dutton, $3.50), which is the account of the court life during the reigns of Nicholas I, Alexander III, and Nicholas II, and which also goes once more into the fatal influence of Rasputin upon the wife of the last of the Romanovs. The book is filled with the raw material of the new kind of history, in which the personal

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element is accented, and is a highly readable document. *Provocateur* by Roman Gul, with an introduction by Stephen Graham (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is a long historical novel of the Russian Terror, in which the infamous Azef, the agent-provocateur who served the Secret Police of the Tsar and the Revolution at the same time, and again and again betrayed both, figures prominently, and also his successor, Savnikoff, who was just about as attractive a character. Factually, Gul seems to have taken few liberties, although his book reads in spots like the wildest kind of melodrama.

Not many of the usual types of travel books are being written about Russia nowadays, and it will probably be several years before Clara Laughlin adds: *So You're Going to Russia!* to her list of guidebooks for wealthy Americans. (The last one to appear being *So You're Going to Spain*, just off the press.) But the last work of Fridtjof Nansen, *Through the Caucasus to the Volga* (Norton, $2.50), the result of a visit some years ago to the regions described, is filled with excellent descriptions of the people and the country, and has many good illustrations. The republic of Daghestan was the centre of interest for Nansen, just as it will be for a good many curious travellers one of these days, especially if the Soviets succeed and become so safe and respectable that tours may be run to them in truly Capitalistic comfort. It is in the Caucasus that Russia's principal experiments with cotton are going on at the moment, which, if they succeed, will add one more woe to the already heavily burdened agriculture of the Southern United States.

Books about Far Places

THERE are other books just now available that deal with countries more or less remote, and also a number on international questions, although none of the latter, as it happens, has anything to say about the Franco-Italian naval race, which seems to this amateur observer about the most vital international question of the moment. *Cross-Roads of the Java Sea* by Hendrik de Leeuw (Cape and Smith), with illustrations by Alexander King, takes the reader through some little-known islands, such as Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and Bali, the last mentioned of which became famous not many months ago as an earthly paradise and is probably completely ruined by now. The author sets down a great many interesting facts about the residents of these islands and goes into detail concerning their morals — when they have any. He is an observer of intelligence, and Mr. King has added some very striking illustrations to the engaging text. *Caliban in Africa* by Leonard Barnes (Lippincott, $3), is a serious study of the race question in South Africa, made by a well-known journalist of Johannesburg. Mr. Barnes thinks the life of the Union is endangered by the color-hatred that informs all the thinking and activities of the whites, and he makes out a good case. Much of what he says is directly applicable to our own race question, very strikingly so. Those who care to pursue the whole South African situation farther will find Sarah Gertrude Millin's *The South*

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Africans the best book to read; it is, indeed, a remarkably fine piece of work regardless of one's intrinsic interest in the subject. It was published two or three years ago, but has lost none of its value, as the essentials of the situation have not altered.

Italy and Elsewhere

ITALY YESTERDAY AND TODAY by A. Maronini (Macmillan, $5), is a handsomely illustrated volume filled with the ancient and modern glories of the country; *A Pagan's Pilgrimage* by Llewellyn Powys (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), is the account of a poet's visit to the Holy Land, during which he also stopped at Athens and Cyprus, ending his voyage at Capri. There is a literary distinction to this book that one does not often find in books of travel, and there is, too, the peculiar point of view of the author to make his work more interesting. It may well be recommended to the open-minded.

Of the books on international questions referred to somewhere in the foregoing paragraphs of this article, the most important is *International Agencies: Educating for a New World*, by John Eugene Harley (Stanford University Press, $7.50), one of the fine series of "Stanford Books in World Politics." The same press has issued *The International City of Tangier* by Graham H. Stuart at $4, the complete story of the North African town now under a tri-partite government, which, incidentally, has done extraordinarily little to spoil the native flavor of the place. Mr. Harley's book should prove invaluable as a work of reference, as it contains the full list of names of international agencies with some explanation of their work and their aims. For specialists in international law, the Oxford University Press has started a modern series of *International Adjudications*, and two volumes are now available, at $5 each. John Bassett Moore is the editor. *Dictatorships on Trial* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75) is a collection of twenty-two essays edited by Otto Forst de Battaglia, and with an introduction by the Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, which give the advantages and disadvantages of dictatorship as a form of government. This book has been translated from the German.

The Fiction Flood

PERHAPS this is enough of the more serious part of the Landscape for the present. Despite the valiant efforts of publishers to reduce their lists this spring — one of the largest announces a cut from 182 to 49 titles, which is typical — the flood of fiction swirls on, and even the best-trained swimmer is likely to be drowned in it if he venture into mid-stream. There is always a chance, however, to fish from the bank, with the Landscaper, although somewhat mixed, perhaps, as to metaphor, indicating the likely spots for the casting of a fly. A number of good and important novels have been published since the turn of the year; no masterpieces in the lot, perhaps, but plenty to justify the hard-up reader in parting from his $2.50. Miss Fannie Hurst's *Back Street* (Cosmopolitan, $2.50), the story of the life of a kept woman, set in the America of a quarter-century ago, is widely popular, and while the

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Landscaper is willing to go no farther than to say the present book seems much better than some of Miss Hurst's — it is hard to forget or forgive *A President Is Born* — he knows that there are many satisfied readers of *Back Street*, and he can see its appeal.

For Entertainment Only

ANNE GREENE, whose first novel, *The Selbys*, was one of the best-sellers of 1930, and a delightful piece of light fiction it was too, is now offering another book in much the same vein, *Reader, I Married Him* (Dutton, $2.50). This is the tale of Catherine Douglass, daughter of a Southern family resident in Paris, of their ups and downs financially, and of Catherine's love story. It is an engaging yarn, and should consolidate the position fairly won by Miss Greene last year as a writer of entertaining books. While we are on this subject of diverting fiction, one of the many novels of Colette now being offered the American public is *The Gentle Libertine* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), the story of a woman's experiments with sex, and her eventual discovery that it is her husband she really loves, a frank book relieved of all possibility of offense by the delicacy with which it is handled. It is worldly-wise Colette at her most subtle, and that class of readers known as "sophisticated" will enjoy it. *Indiana Jane* by Cecil Roberts (Appleton, $2) is even lighter, a gaily inconsequential story about a movie star that has plenty of action and bright dialogue to make it pleasant reading; it ought to be good for people with influenza.

Following the Landscaper's favorite custom of allowing one thought to suggest another, why can we not pause here a moment, and look over some other books that should serve to relieve the *tedium vitæ: Boners*, for example, a small book published by the Viking Press at $1, which contains a fine collection of schoolboy howlers; and *The Owl in the Attic and Other Perplexities* by James Thurber (Harper, $2), a collection of stray pieces by the co-author of *Is Sex Necessary?* with illustrations by Mr. Thurber himself, a really funny book.

Good Reading from Sweden

Two of the current novels that may be relied upon to please most tastes come to us from Sweden. Both are large and leisurely. The first is Selma Lagerlöf's *The Ring of the Löwenskölds* (Doubleday, Doran, $3), a book of the type of *The Saga of Gosta Berling*, with very much the same atmosphere. The second is Gustaf Hellstrom's *Lacemaker Lekholm Has an Idea* (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, $3), which is another family chronicle, this time covering several generations, in somewhat the same manner as *The Forsyte Saga*. The characters are vividly drawn and the writing is of an entertaining quality. This is the first of Hellstrom's novels to be translated into English; he has written many, and has also done a number of volumes of short stories. One would say that there was an excellent chance for an American audience for his work, if the present novel escapes the neglect that has fallen upon much good fiction during the current depression. From Norway comes an addition to the shelf

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of novels by Johan Bojer, the new one being entitled *The Everlasting Struggle* (Century, $2.50), and telling the story of the struggle for existence of a family living in a little village at the edge of the sea. This is typical Bojer material and well and movingly handled.

Those who have followed the work of William Faulkner, a young Southern novelist often mentioned in the Landscape, will find his new book, *Sanctuary* (Cape and Smith, $2.50) a remarkable piece of writing, although its gruesomeness will narrow its appeal. It is a terrible picture of the brutality that is so distressingly inherent in the human race, relieved by touches of broad humor; a much clearer and more easily understandable novel than Mr. Faulkner's curious *The Sound and the Fury*. The characters are well drawn, and the whole permeated with a keen sense of the dramatic.

Eastern Excitement

HARRY HERVEY is another one of the younger writing men who have done interesting novels, and who have the ability to tell a story, a precious quality. His latest book, *The Iron Widow*, takes him back to the East, which is his best background. It is a story of life in a French prison in Senegambia; there are lust and brutality in every page, but the strange people are lifelike, and the whole book vivid. The Iron Widow is the guillotine, of course. Delphine, the exotic heroine — if heroine is the word — is a credible incarnation of evil, and the whole novel one that most readers will find hard to lay aside, although some may be shocked by the frankness of its discussion of many phases of sex, including the abnormal.

Some of the outstanding novels of foreign origin that have been published recently are *Towards the West* by M. Constantin-Weyer (Macaulay, $2), the author of *A Man Scans His Past*, and *The Half-Breed*, and another story of the same type as its two predecessors; *Eros Invincible* by Ricarda Huch (Macaulay, $2), the distinguished Swiss woman novelist, the story of the influence of a passionate love on the lives of the two people concerned and also on the lives of the people around them, and considered in Europe the author's finest story; *The Little Town* by Heinrich Mann (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), the story of a small Italian town and its awakening because of the visit of an opera troupe; and *Claus the Fish* (Cape and Smith, $2), a beautiful short fantasy, filled with symbolism, and good enough to deserve much more space than can be given here.

This does not complete the list of available fiction by a good many titles, some of which are deserving of more consideration than they can have at present. There is Struthers Burt's *Festival* (Scribner, $2.50), for example, the finest novel Mr. Burt has done up to the present, and a really intelligent piece of writing that deserves the careful reading of thoughtful people because of the problems it treats, and because it emanates from a good mind.

And More Fiction Still

THERE is, too, *My Husband's Friends* by Katherine Bellaman (Century, $2), the first novel of the wife of the poet, novelist and critic,

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Henry Bellaman, a distinguished book that reveals a fine new talent; *Strange Combat* by Sarah Salt (Brewer and Warren, $2.50), another powerful book by the author of *Sense and Sensuality; The Crochet Woman* by Ruth Manning-Saunders (Coward-McCann, $2.50), a novel of modern witchcraft in the English countryside, and so on and on. This is not forgetting, either, that Sara Haardt, the wife of H. L. Mencken, has published her first novel, *The Making of a Lady* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), a story of a Southern town that is hardly up to the standard of Miss Haardt's magazine articles and critical writings. And, too, one should remember that another interesting début is that of David Burnham, with *This Our Exile* (Scribner, $2.50), a novel of life in our own times, that is, if we are willing to think of the 1920's as ours. . . .

For the pathetically few people who like good short stories, the Landscaper recommends with all the heartiness at his command Osbert Sitwell's *Dumb Animals* (Lippincott, $2.50), more tales in the vein of Mr. Sitwell's remarkable collection, *Triple Fugue;* and T. F. Powys's *The White Paternoster and Other Stories* (Viking, $2.50), which are in the vein of *Mr. Weston's Good Wine.* They would make excellent bedside books, for the people who want just a bit of good reading before dropping off to sleep. And for those who are not troubled by bad dreams, there is *The Best Mystery Stories of Today*, edited by Carolyn Wells, and published by John Day. It is needless to say that Miss Wells knows a good mystery story when she sees it.

An Attack on Lincoln

THERE can be very little doubt that the most discussed biography of recent weeks is Edgar Lee Masters's *Lincoln, the Man* (Dodd, Mead, $5), which is the most completely devasting attack launched against Lincoln in a long time, a book written in anger and giving its subject credit for no virtues whatever. This is its fault, and its heat vitiates whatever force there might have been behind Mr. Masters's attack. If "debunking" is to be done in cases of this sort it must be done differently, and first of all, dispassionately. As soon as the note of denunciation creeps in, the power of convincing the reader flies out. *Lincoln, the Politician* by Don C. Seitz (Coward-McCann, $4), is a study of Lincoln in one of his most interesting phases by a man who knows politics. Mr. Seitz is willing to admit that Lincoln was lazy, uncouth, and all the rest, but he thinks that he was shrewd always, and often wise, and that about him was a slow but sure way of doing the right thing.

The Son of Kings?

THE irresistible appeal of the Lincoln story — myth, if you like — is further illustrated by the fact that John Buchan has just published a fanciful novel about Lincoln called *The Path of the King* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), which attempts to show that Lincoln was descended from a long line of kings stretching all the way back to Norman times; this is a convenient and fairly familiar way of explaining greatness. Mr. Buchan writes excellent histor-

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ical fiction, however far fetched some of us may feel that his present story is. One is reminded somewhat of the classical example of a famous biographer of Cervantes, the Spaniard Navarette, who manufactured a genealogical table covering several pages, in order to justify the genius of the author of *Don Quixote*, about whose ancestry nothing is really known beyond his paternal grandfather. Navarette supposed, and Mr. Buchan appears to agree, that genius must be explained by affiliation with royalty, an odd notion considering how many utter dolts have sat on thrones and held titles.

In other respects, the biography shelf is not so well filled as it has been in past months, but the year is yet young, and certainly far too young to justify any prophecy that the interest in biography is actually declining. Among the new volumes is a good life of that most remarkable black man, Toussaint L'Ouverture, in *The Black Napoleon* by Percy Waxman (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), which any one not familiar with the history of Santo Domingo will find exciting. There is also *Vancouver: A Life, 1757–1798* by George Godwin (Appleton), the story of an explorer, which does something to rehabilitate its subject, who has sometimes been accused of using a good deal of brutality in dealing with the sailors under him. And a queer sort of book on Woodrow Wilson called *Wilson, the Unknown* by a corporation lawyer who uses the pen-name Wells Wells (Scribner, $2.50). This is supposed to explain the "enigma" of Wilson, and the author ends most of his sentences with exclamation points. A reasonably careful perusal did not reveal to this reader any epoch-making explanations of Wilson, and most of the exclamation points are not justified; they are as out of place as the raised voice in a public speaker who really hasn't anything to say.

And then, for those who like that sort of thing, an autobiography called *Women Have Been Kind*, by Lou Tellegen, the actor (Vanguard, $3), which tells all about what a devil of a fellow Mr. Tellegen has been and how many women have granted him their favors, and which ends with a prologue by the present Mrs. Tellegen, which is in incredibly bad taste, and therefore suits the book exactly. F. P. A. has already suggested that the title really should have been *Women Have Been Kind of Silly*. . . . However, the author never seems to have lacked for love, and if women are that bad, there ought to be a huge market for the book. Mr. Tellegen would have done well to devote all his time to consoling the female sex, if the Landscaper's recollection of his acting is reasonably accurate. But then men always hate a successful Don Juan; they even throw grapefruit at Rudy Vallee.

The Life of a Dancer

On the whole the most entertaining book of this classification the Landscaper has held in his hands recently is *Theatre Street* by Tamara Karsavina (Dutton, $5), the life story of a noted dancer, which has a preface by Sir James Matthew Barrie. There was a street in a city called St. Petersburg which was known as Theatre Street, and on it was the home of the old Imperial Ballet. It

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was from this point that Karsavina started her wanderings, which have taken her pretty well the world over and brought her into contact with scores of interesting people. Hers is a refreshingly honest and straightforward book, and is filled with material that should appeal to many readers who have no specific interest in dancing.

Another interesting biography is *Zeppelin* by Margaret Goldsmith (Morrow, $3.50), who wrote with her husband an unusually fine life of Hindenburg about a year ago. There are probably not a great many people who watch the *Los Angeles* as she soars over the skyscrapers of New York who realize that the man responsible for the giant ship's appearance was an officer in the Union Army during our own Civil War, and while on duty began his aeronautical experiments. He retired at the age of fifty-two, having turned his attention to other matters for a number of years, and resumed the studies he had begun in America. The rest is familiar history; it is still possible to stir up arguments pro and con on the subject of lighter-than-air flying machines, but Zeppelins have made many remarkable records, and larger and finer ones are under construction in a number of countries, including, of course, our own. Miss Goldsmith has handled her story well.

There is one volume that comes under the next heading, that pleasantly inclusive heading of Miscellaneous, that the Landscaper seems to recall having mentioned here before, namely, Cherry Kearton's *Island of the Penguins* (McBride, $3), which was first read in London last fall. It recounts the visit of Mr. Kearton and his wife to a small island off the Cape of Good Hope which is the home of some five millions of Blackfoot or Jackass Penguins, when they are not swimming up and down the ocean. (They are sea-dwellers except during the mating season.) By this time the films have made us all fairly familiar with penguins; and they look ridiculously like men in evening dress.

Miscellaneous

THERE is always space here for books about the beginnings of America, as followers of the Landscape realize. One of the most interesting of these of recent publication is *Coronado's Children: Tales of Lost Mines and Buried Treasures* by J. Frank Dobie (The Southwest Press, Dallas, Texas, $3), which is a Literary Guild selection, and which is filled with good yarns. *The Course of Empire*, edited by Valeski Bari (Coward-McCann), tells the tale of the great adventure of Forty-nine in the words of the participants; the editor is a member of the faculty of the University of California. Another dip into our history is *Europe and the American Civil War* by Donaldson Jordan and Edwin G. Pratt (Houghton Mifflin, $4), with an Introduction by Samuel E. Morison, a complete and careful study of a subject that while often enough touched upon has not been so fully and clearly treated elsewhere before. Also of interest to thoughtful Americans is *Puritan's Progress* by Arthur Train (Scribner, $2.50), the story of early American influences on the Americans of today, a patchwork of stray facts and anecdotes, but with

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a quite definite pattern. Perhaps another book might be included in this lot, since it should interest all the people who love their country. This is *Thirty Years' War for Wild Life* by William T. Hornaday (Scribner, $2.50), the record of a battle to save the birds and animals in this part of the world.

This leaves us with only a small handful of books of different kinds, but all too important to pass by. One wishes there were space to write in some detail about Edmund Wilson's collection of critical essays, *Axel's Castle* (Scribner, $2.50), which takes up Yeats, Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Proust and others, all writers that fit into Mr. Wilson's sub-title: *A Study of the Imaginative Literature of 1870–1930*. Since Mr. Wilson is one of the few critics in the United States of any real consequence, he is worth listening to upon a subject with which he is familiar and to which he is peculiarly sympathetic. Then there is a very curious book by Charles Fort called *Lo!* (Claude Kendall, $2.50), which has nothing to do with Indians, but which is filled with strange and seemingly inexplicable happenings gathered from hundreds of sources, and which might have been called *The Wonders of the World;* and something else of a different variety, but also curious: *Children Who Run on All Fours* by Dr. Aleš Hrdlička (Whittlesey House: McGraw-Hill, $5), the complete record in text and photograph of scores of children with animal-like characteristics, most of them normal in every other way. And last a brilliant book by G. Lowes Dickinson called *After 2000 Years* (Norton, $2.50), in which Plato and a modern young man discuss the present state of civilization.

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